

It Sucks to Feel

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It Sucks to Feel

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Summary

Tom and Tord were only looking for a place to stay, somewhere they could be comfortable with and work in peace without getting into trouble. They found that place in a comfy house owned by a kind couple Edd and Matt, things were fine, everything was fine.

Edd and Matt were just expecting a new pair of housemates to live with, they'd stay a few months before leaving, either dead or alive, they'd leave in the end and things would start over again. They found their housemates in the strange but comfy couple Tom and Tord, things were fine and that was all.

What both couples didn't expect was falling for each other. Which made things complicated especially with the fact Edd and Matt weren't as innocent as they seemed, especially Matt who's less human than they thought. Let the drama begin.

Notes

Yeah so, having no impulse whatsoever, here's another story that got dished out. I know I have other stories to focus on but I couldn't really resist since this came from an RP I had and I just, wanted to make this into a full on story. Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Red and Blue

Chapter Notes

So yeah. Here we go.

Boy are Tom and Tord in for a wild ride.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"And you're *positive* this place is decent?"

"Yes, Thomas, for the hundredth time I came by here before hand. Its in a good neighborhood, no dogs for your scared ass, enough rooms for us each to have our own, *and* the guys who own the place said their house is LGBTQ+ friendly." Tord gruffed, rolling his eyes briefly but focused on the road.

"...Fine." Tom grumbled besides him in the front seat while crossing his arms. "I just don't want a repeat of the last place."

"Relax, I got this." Tom knew he did and that's what worried him.

Tord pulled Tom's car into the drive way of their potential home, somewhat annoyed Tom talked him out of taking the motorcycle, and got out.

The house looked nice, not too big, not too small. It had two floors and no basement, four spacious bedrooms, two bathrooms with one on each floor, a nice kitchen and a big living room. Both the frontyard and the back were well taken care of, all in all it looked like a nice house to live in.

Tom followed him to the door, sharing a look before knocking together.

"When are they coming? Ooh, new housemates, this is so exciting! I do hope they're as rude as our... previous housemates."

"They're coming right about today Matty, and yeah I hope so. If they're like the previous ones, we could always get rid of them like we did before."

"Hehe, good point~"

Knock knock knock

"They're here!"

There was the sound of fast footsteps and suddenly the door swung open, revealing a brightly smiling ginger wearing a purple hoodie behind the door. He was an attractive looking male, orange hair, blue eyes, lightly pale skin with freckles dusting it. "Hi there! You guys must be our new housemates!" He said excitedly, bouncing in place. "Come in, come in!"

They stood in silence for a moment, a bit stunned by the man's unnatural enthusiasm.

"Fuck this." Tom broke the silence, thinking 'nope' as he turned on his heel, about to walk back to his car when Tord stopped him, grabbing his arm and smiling politely at the ginger. Dragging Tom in with him through the door with a simple, "Thanks."

Tom sighed, taking a flask from the pocket of his blue hoodie to drink a bit before pocketing it again.

The living room looked nice. There was a nice red couch and sofa chairs facing a big screen television set, a set of stairs hugging the wall that lead to the second floor and the kitchen doorway was open, a pleasant aroma wafting from it, was someone baking?

Turning to the ginger, who had yet to stop smiling, Tord introduced both of them to him, holding out a hand. "I'm Tord Larsen and this is Tom Ridley." His potential housemate accepted the hand, shaking it firmly with a grin.

"Nice to meet you Tord, Tom, I'm Matt Greaves!" He-Matt said in return, looking all the more excited. Letting go of Tord's hand, he called out into

the kitchen, "Eddy! Come meet our new housemates!"

"Hold on!" Came a voice, after a moment or two a brown-haired male wearing a green hoodie exited the kitchen, though he was also wearing a simple pink apron and oven mitts. "Hello there," He greeted with a kind smile, what was with these two and smiling, taking off an oven mitt to shake one of their hands, "I'm Edd Gold, nice to meet you." Though before Edd could fully offer his hand, Matt interrupted.

"Is the pie done?" He asked curiously, ah, so Edd was baking pie then. Edd chuckled and nodded, making Matt whoop and cheer before dashing towards the kitchen with an excited shout of, "PIE!"

The brunette laughed a bit but called back to him, "Leave some for the rest of us Matty!" He then focused his attention back to Tom and Tord, offering his hand again.

Tord smiled at Edd but Tom remained stoic, quietly taking the place in and a bit lot in his thoughts. It seemed like a nice place, not too bad, the eyeless man could picture spending time in the living room though he knew he'd start off locked up in his room for a while. Tord elbowed his side making him gasp a bit and rub his side, giving him a glare as he took the hint and accepted Edd's offered handshake, "Great to meet ya..." He drawled, internally wincing at how he sounded but strangely enough Edd didn't seem to mind.

Tord chuckled, which didn't fit the warning glare he was sending Tom, "Sorry about Thomas here, he gets a tad shy." He always was the hardest one to adapt when it came to meeting new people, honest to god Tord had tried many times before to get him a bit more socially comfortable and or active. Sometimes Tord even wonders why he hung out with him, other than being childhood friends and lovers that had a complicated relationship.

Edd just waved him off, "No, it's fine. At least he's not rude like our last housemates." He hummed, "Oh! That reminds me, I should show you guys the rooms so you can choose which one you want." He took his hand back and took off his other mitten, pocketing them both in the apron's pocket.

"Follow me, they're on the second floor, right across my and Matt's room." They followed him up the stairs.

On the second floor there were four rooms and one bathroom. On the left side there were two doors, both personally decorated. One had a green heart painted on it with a few stickers of cola stuck to it, both guessed that was Edd's room and the other door that had a purple heart painted on it with a mirror stickers and some diamond stickers was Matt's room. On the right side there were two other doors but they were devoid of any decorations.

"If you find some extra stuff in either rooms, sorry about that, our old housemates might have left their things before they went and moved out." Edd apologized as he showed them the first room. "We didn't manage to clean up completely with how sudden everything was."

Tord shook his head, "No worries." He chuckled as he stepped into the room, looking around. It was spacious enough for his projects as far as he could tell, he checked the size of the closet and nodded. He could work with this.

Tom on the other hand, just stood besides Edd with his hands buried in his pockets, not really interested in looking around. He'd be fine with whatever room Tord didn't pick, but it felt somewhat awkward just standing by Edd so he turned to him. "Why did they leave anyway?" He asked blandly, tone fairly devoid of emotion but he was both curious and a little concerned, though he made sure to make his question sound like he was making small talk.

The green-wearing male shrugged, "I don't know. They were gone when Matt and I came home from work." He answered, Tom tried to find any hint of a lie but found nothing as Edd continued, "Both of them were kind of difficult to live with though, I think Tyler was selling and doing drugs and Jack was kind of conman? They weren't really nice." By this, Tord was coming back over to them both, hearing Edd explain the job of his ex-housemates' jobs.

Tom nodded thoughtfully, figuring the pair had to make a run for it with jobs like that. "Still, I hope they're okay. Anyway, this room used to belong

to Tyler, the other room was Jack's, if you um, find anything of theirs let me know."

The devil-haired Norwegian snorted, "They sound rotten," though he smiled at Edd and declared, "I think I'll claim this room."

Tom nodded again, Tord was particular. He liked rooms to be set in a right way, mainly the closet space for his tools and storage. Speaking of that, Tom turned to his long time sorta-friend with a questioning look, had he told them about his work? Though he hadn't said a word, Tord nodded at him in confirmation. "Edd and I already discussed my work over email, as long as I don't burn the house down, I'm fine with toying in mechanics."

Tom and Tord were honestly a loud pair. Tord more than Tom as he was an engineer and often was creating devices in his room. Tom at least put sound canceling foam up for his music.

"Alright. And yes, as long as he doesn't break down a wall or burn down the house he's fine." Edd chimed when Tom looked at him to make sure, "Since you've already decided on rooms, feel free to look around the house. There are two bathrooms, a small one near the kitchen downstairs and the big one here at the end of the hall. Oh, speaking of the kitchen I should get to Matt before he eats all the pie, again. Would you two like a slice?" He offered them, "Consider it a treat and a 'welcome to our house' gift! It's strawberry flavored." This man was honestly a ray of honest to god kindness wasn't he? Offering pie to two strangers about to move in his house, and Matt was like a ball of sunshine with unending enthusiasm, or at least that was Tom's first impression of the ginger.

"Sure, we'll have a slice and explore after. We should go over the arrangements with Tom present anyways." Tord agreed, smiling politely, he was good at acting like a charming citizen. Tom didn't want a piece of pie but he also *really* wanted a piece of pie... He'd probably just eat off Tord's piece.

They followed Edd down into the kitchen, Tord already had a basic idea of the house's layout thanks to the ad but it was all new to Tom, who was kind of nervous. Their last housemates had been a pair of homophobic idiots and

the whole mess ended with a clash, at least Tord was able to calm everything down enough for Jerry and Merrel to not throw them out on their asses before they could even get a new place.

Originally Tom had wanted to just get an apartment with Tord but they couldn't really afford it together and Tom was too odd of a person to really survive without the devil haired bastard.

"Matt! Did you eat all of it again?" Edd asked as soon as they entered the kitchen, finding the ginger at the table with a eaten slice in front of him, half of the pie was already gone but at least there was some left. Woah, they were only upstairs for like 12 minutes max and this thin-looking pretty boy had eaten half of the pie? Tom was amazed.

Said ginger swallowed and grinned sheepishly, "Sorry, but I can't help it! You know I love your baking!" Edd only sighed and went over to kiss his cheek but lightly bonking the other's head much to his dismay. Oh, so that was why this place was LGBTQ+ friendly.

Tord's easy grin grew wider at Edd and Matt's display, aiming a smug look at Tom who looked back at him with a 'Okay, so you were right this time.' expression. He'd told him to trust him, jeez.

They both sat down as Edd got out three plates, one for each of them and cut out an equal slice for them, they thanked him for the pie afterwards as the brunette smacked Matt's hand away when he tried to get another piece much to Tord's amusement. "You're already eating a slice you glutton, that and how many other pieces you had before we came here, honestly." Matt whined but sulkily continued to finish off his half-eaten slice. "Oh, and I hope you won't mind Matt. He's a touchy-feely person and quite physically affectionate, don't worry though, the worst he'll give you is a hug." Edd warned them both. Seriously?

"But if it makes you uncomfortable just tell me and I'll try not to do it very often." Matt told them with an understanding smile. Just they're luck they'll be housemates with a cutesy couple like these two, it's gotta be an act right? No one was *this* kind or genuine, and yet...

"To be honest, I'm not big on touching but you ought to worry about scaring Tom with surprise hugs. He bites." Tord said jokingly with a shit-eating grin, Tom jabbed a fork at him, looking annoyed.

"I do not. I bite you *one* time in the fourth grade and you tell everyone! We're twenty five you loser, get over it." He looked at Matt more seriously. "I don't like hugs but I *won't* bite you." Matt just looked understanding, nodding at him.

Tord spoke again, "I've still got the scar, don't trust him." He laughed at Tom's reddening cheeks. The eyeless man scowled at him, what happened to Tord trying to make a good impression? And making Tom social? The bastard was going to be the death of him, he swears it. "Oi, sorry, I'm just teasing." Tord says quietly, putting a hand on his shoulder to which he brushed it off making him sigh. Turning back to Edd and Matt he gave them a smile, "Anyways, I hope we can all get along well, you both seem great."

They both really did, almost too much to not get suspicious over but hey Tom was always suspicious of everyone he met.

"Then you and Matt can get along nicely, he bites as well." Edd says with a bit mischief with a joking smile, Tord rose a brow at that instantly amused, "He bit our old bully back in our childhood, he might look like a harmless goof but beware, he bites hard." The ginger whined besides him with an indignant, "*Edd!*" But laughed anyway at the end like there was an inside joke both Tom and Tord didn't get, there probably was.

"You both can be biting buddies." Tord snorts, snickering as purple-hoodied man turned to Edd.

"Stop embarrassing me in front of our new housemates!" He then turned to Tom and Tord, giving them a reassuring grin, "Don't worry, I'll try not to hug you both as much, I just can't help myself sometimes." So he says, as long as he didn't tackle them then everything should be fine.

Tord laughed, smacking the table light and grinned at Tom, "See? I told you I picked a good place! Biting buddies!" He teased him, making Edd laugh

with him and Matt visibly pouting, turning to Edd with a look that said, 'Now look at what you did!' that just served Edd more amusement.

"Oh my god." Tom shook his head but smiled. He wouldn't say it outright or out loud but he had a good feeling about this place despite the initial suspicion. He still stole a chunk of Tord's pie just to get him back though, much to the other's amusement and annoyance.

Edd chuckled, "Yeah, I hope we'll get along as well. So far you both are way better than Tyler and Jack." At the mention of their names Matt's pout dropped to a small frown that Edd mirrored. Matt muttered something underneath his breath that Tom strained to hear.

"If they really didn't like my hugs, they should have told me, not punch my pretty face." *'Then maybe you shouldn't have hugged them at all?'* Tom thought to himself but shrugged, then again being punched for something as small as a hug did seem a bit petty but what did he know? Edd patted Matt's shoulder comfortingly.

"Hey, they're gone and we have Tom and Tord as housemates now!" That seemed to cheer Matt up and he was back to smiling happily. "I'm willing to bet that we'll all get along fine." Edd said, aiming a grin at their direction. With how nice the atmosphere was at the moment, Tord was willing to bet the same. This really seemed like an excellent deal, nice home, nice housemates, hell the pie tasted great.

They spent the rest of the time discussing a few things and enjoying the rest of the pie with Edd lightly smacking Matt whenever he tried to get another slice. They discussed rent, bills and a few other things before coming a decision.

Tom and Tord would start moving in as soon as they could, which was right now. They just needed to get their things from Jerry and Merrel's place and get comfy.

They left the house, waving Matt and Edd a temporary goodbye as they drove back for their stuff. Unaware of how Matt's smile dulled and Edd's eyes turning calculative.

"They were nice." Matt said quietly to Edd with a dulling smile as he watched both Tom and Tord leave, waving them goodbye but hand dropping the instant they were out of sight. "Think they'll stay nice?" He asked blandly as they both went back inside, heading towards the kitchen.

Edd hummed, "We'll see, like I said before, if they're rude we can just get rid of them like we did of Tyler and Jack. Speaking of which, Miss Toriel should be taking care of them by now. Hopefully they don't do anything boring and try and die on us, we aren't really done with them. They were oh so *rude* weren't they?" He smiled playfully at him, a dangerous edge to it. Matt mirrored his smile but was more eager.

"*Yes, they really were.*"

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know I'm using the name of Toriel from Undertale for one of the characters. I don't really care but I used it in the RP okay? And I'll use it in the story as well, sorry if it ticks you off or something but I guarantee that Miss Toriel is quite different from GoatMom from Undertale alright?

She might not seem so at first but trust me, she's really different from Toriel Dreemurr.

Green and Purple

Chapter Notes

Warning: Descriptive Gore, Body Mutilation, Body Horror, Torture and whatever else warning needed for this chapter because hot damn did I go haywire with my imagination for this.

Have another chapter early since I had it done and I don't like letting my stories stay at one chapter for long.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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"Yes, they really were."

When Tom and Tord came back, Edd and Matt offered their help. After a hesitant moment, Tord agreed with Tom reluctantly agreeing with him, they really had a lot to move-it took more than a few trips to get everything from their old place to their new home.

Of course, Tom moved his most personal items himself like his bass and his game set, Tord did the same with most of his projects that had been packed up. Edd and Matt had no problem with that and just assisted in grabbing

packed boxes from their car and into their rooms, afterwards Edd cooked them all a delicious dinner.

Both men were pleasantly surprised and happy to find Edd being an excellent cook as well as a baker, which was great since Tord couldn't cook for shit and Tom was good enough to provide them both something edible to eat. Tom pretty much warned Edd about Tord being in the kitchen and using the kitchen appliances much to Tord's annoyance and Edd's amusement and bemusement.

When they asked Matt if he could cook, they found out that Matt could make pancakes and waffles almost as good as Edd's but the rest of his cooking couldn't really compare to his boyfriend's cooking.

Which was still better than Tord's inability to cook so that something.

Predictably, after dinner was done, Tom instantly excused himself to barricade himself in his room using 'I'm going to arrange my things' as his excuse. Tord sighed but let him and stayed a bit more to converse with Edd and Matt, being polite but getting a bit more casual as Edd and Matt exuded such a relaxed and casual attitude that he couldn't help but mimic. Eventually though he bid them goodnight and went into his room.

"They're doing good so far, Tom's a bit 'eh' but I think he's trying so that's a good mark so far." Matt mused as he sat back on the kitchen chair, "But then again it's too early to think that they're completely good; Tyler and Jack somewhat started the same way." The ginger hummed then grinned sharply, "Jack certainly regrets punching my beautiful face now~" He chimed with dark glee with glinting red eyes.

Edd chuckled, putting away the last of the dishes, "And Tyler regrets stealing from us, thieves really are the worst." His lips twitched as he remembered finding out, really what was the foolish man thinking? Daring to steal from them just to support his dirty addiction, and Jack daring to hurt his boyfriend... Edd turned to Matt and noticed his eyes, "Your eyes Matty, it's still early tonight don't you think? You just ate a day or two ago." He said in amusement, Matt uttered a small 'oops' and the red of his eyes faded.

"Sorry Eddy, I couldn't help it, I'm not hungry yet though don't worry."

"Alright, Ringo should be getting a bit hungry though right about now. I'll feed her in an hour just to make sure our new housemates get to sleep."

Matt hummed in acknowledgement and followed Edd into the living room, spending an hour watching tv before Edd went into the kitchen to feed Ringo, the ginger stayed however in the living room, smiling as he heard the faint sound mechanical shifting from the kitchen, he changed the channel.

Nothing new tonight aside from new housemates.

The next morning was pleasant. Both Tom and Tord came down for breakfast, their morning routine was new since they were all still acquainting with each other and were still getting used to the changes but Tord seemingly took it like a fish to water, casually talking with Edd and Matt while Tom stayed silent in the polite but casual morning talk.

Of course Matt tried to talk to him, awkwardly they conversed but Matt didn't seem to mind much. When Tom was finished with breakfast he excused himself again and locked himself in his room like last night. Tord apologized for him again but Edd and Matt waved him off, reassuring him that it was fine though Matt had the urge to coax the eyeless man out of his room and talk again, he seemed really interesting especially with the faint sound of music he had heard last night, muffled of course by the sound of the walls but it sounded amazing nonetheless.

Soon enough though Tom would come around and be more comfortable, it was inevitable really as long as he wasn't rude like Jack was. Speaking of Jack...

Today was a day to work at the cafe!

Matt smiled eagerly as he and Edd entered the quaint and locally known cafe of Slice and Sew. It was their main job, to work at the cafe underneath the owner Miss Toriel. They had left a note for Tom and Tord to let them

know they were at work, they'd find some food in the fridge to heat up if they wanted and their numbers were written underneath the note in case something happened, they'd be back in time to make dinner though so they should be fine.

Anyway, Miss Toriel was an old lady that welcomed all kinds of people into her cafe, with aging white hair brown eyes an old yet slightly youthful face for an old woman her age that constantly sported a kind smile, she easily seemed to be one of the kindest old ladies that anyone would have the pleasure of knowing.

Though, Edd and Matt they knew better than that.

"Matthew, Edward, hello." Miss Toriel greeted with a smile as they came in, slipping into the back as usual. "I hear you found new housemates already, how are they? Hopefully they're not as rude as the last two." She tittered with a knowing smile.

Edd smiled, shaking his head, "So far our new housemates are nice, their names are Tom and Tord. I have a good feeling for them both so you don't need to worry Miss Toriel." He told her with Matt mirroring his smile. The old woman nodded, trusting them for the fact they worked for her for nearly a decade now. They met her when they were kids, she had been so kind back then, providing Matt with what he needed seemingly for free but of course, it really wasn't for free.

The moment they could work for her, which happened around their teens, she used them to her advantage. But of course, they didn't exactly mind it, in fact they had been ecstatic to work for her which didn't surprise her for one bit.

"As promised I made sure they were still alive until you both came back, they're barely conscious but it should be easy enough to wake them up." Miss Toriel smiled as she lead them down, behind and underneath her cafe. It was somewhere that only specific people knew of or even knew existed, hidden behind the cafe's freezer, the entrance to an underground facility that worked on things that would make any sane human squeamish and scared beyond belief.

As they walked down the steadily enlarging halls that split to other tunnels and other halls and other various rooms, Matt and Edd idly greeted their fellow workers with polite and casual smiles, the fresh and familiar scent of iron filled Matt's nose and he grinned at it. He wasn't hungry yet though.

"You were right to call me dearies, these two were certainly very rude at the start but I'm sure they've learned their lessons." She laughed lightly as they headed towards Edd and Matt's personal work space. "Or at least they've started to, they're the rare kind of stubborn humans but no human is so totally stubborn, they *do* eventually break."

They knew that very well. "Did at least one of them break while we weren't there?" Matt asked curiously.

"Why yes, that Tyler child, he couldn't last the night. I'm quite disappointed to say that I only found out this morning." She said apologetically, they waved her off and the ginger was also a bit disappointed but it was to be expected. Tyler had been a weak-willed man, stealing from Edd and he for his frivolous addiction, of course he would be the first to break underneath it all. Still, Matt had been looking forward to spending more time with him, unlike before when he tried not to because of how much the man's horrible stench made his nose itch irritably.

At least they got rid of his smell from the house, especially from Tom's new room, it would have been terrible for one of their new housemates to leave so soon for such a thing as his new living space stinking of weed and crack. It had taken some work but they managed, of course Tyler had to pay for that, which he did. Dearly.

"Here we are." Miss Toriel hummed as she opened the door for them, "Have fun boys, I'll be in the cafe if you need me." She told them with a kind smile before going off, they waved her goodbye before looking into the room.

Ah, they stayed just as Edd and Matt left them. Both stepped inside the sharply iron-smelling room, quiet sobs, strained curses and muttering pleas and begging coming from the two other people within the room.

Tyler and Jack, their old housemates.

Tyler had been a thin, lanky, and ill-looking blonde of a man who had been a drug addict, his usually high blue eyes normally looked sunken and he had this outrageous beard on his face. Matt trimmed it of course, first chance he got, and the ginger could happily say that the man definitely looked better. In his and Edd's eyes at least.

Now he was strapped to a full-body table, stripped of his clothing sans his underwear, thankfully Edd and Matt didn't have to deal with the stink when Tyler crapped and pissed himself in fear, calling the cleaners for that since they were fine with blood and gore, shit and urine was the line they tended to draw from their victims, it just ruined the mood really. Anyway, the blonde was strapped to the table tightly, bruises and blood coming from his restraints from how much he had tried to move around, head lolling mindlessly with drool mixed with blood coming out of his stitched smiling but open mouth as he muttered continuously on a loop. Matt thought he looked nice with his now permanently smiling face, cheeks sewn upwards with the lips a bit so Tyler could now smile forever and still talk. Though it had been a bit hard to sew with the beard in the way, which was why he trimmed it a bit.

"Pleasekillmealreadypleasepleasekillmekillme, pleasehurtsithurtskillmekillmekillmealreadyplease" The broken man begged, eye red but empty of tears from how much he had already cried, at some point he cried blood it seemed. His left eye was gone and sewn shut, looks like he vomited it up at some point of the night though Matt noted as he looked at the dried puddle of stomach acid and blood besides Tyler's head at the regurgitated blue eyeball that fell off the table.

His chest had been opened up and temporarily but professionally sewn shut by Matt, Edd wanted to look over his insides before extracting anything just yet. Though the man was missing his entire right arm, left leg and right foot, along with his thumb. Matt had stored them in the walk in meat freezer in the corner for later with a lot of the other parts they'd use eventually before they rotted and go to waste.

Jack on the other hand, he had dark brown hair and dull but greedy black eyes, he was a bit more built than Tyler who he encourage to steal from Edd and Matt for his own gains as a conman, he was strapped against the wall,

supported by a his constraints that kept him to it. Unlike Tyler, he didn't get to keep his legs at all since he tried to escape once, all he had left were his hands which were both useless since Edd broke his fingers, his legs were in the freezer as well. And like Tyler, he was stripped to his underwear as well but Edd had yet to open him up like he did the other man, he was planning on doing that today actually.

"Y'w 'ucke'sh" Jack cursed -or tried to at least- it was a hard thing to do with the fact Edd pulled out most of his teeth and vertically cut his tongue in half, "Y'e gon' pay f' 'is." He uselessly threatened, weak but stubborn fire still in his eyes, Matt should get those today as well after they dealt with Tyler, and make him smile too of course. They really took their time on their drug addicted ex-housemate, but then again they were the best save for last for Jack who had *dared* to actually *punch* Matt.

"And how exactly are we going to pay? Jack, you're tied to the wall in an underground place, no one is going to help you here." Edd mused as he and Matt tugged on their special leather aprons and surgical gloves that had been hanging to the side for them. "And here you pride yourself as a smart and cunning man, you really think you have any hope of escaping? We took away your legs." He said loftily with a bright smile, striding over to the prepared tools on the silver table that was nearby.

Matt let out a giggle, "It's a shame that Tyler broke so soon, but then again he wasn't going to last as long as you anyway!" He told Jack with a happy chime, Jack refused to look at the broken man on the table, initially Jack didn't to care for anyone but he had a small sense of camaraderie with the blonde after manipulating him to take the couple's money so many times. But he didn't think the two sunshine polite men were psychopaths! "Ah-ah, I let you look away last time, this time you are going to watch the show." The ginger hummed, suddenly in front of the horrified man strapped to the wall. Jack tried to struggle but in the end had his head restrained tightly, giving him a clear view of the despairing addict on the table, trying to close his eyes wouldn't work since Matt even gave him eye clamps to make sure he was saw *everything*.

Edd flashed him a wide grin before putting on his medical mask then brandishing the scalpel in his hands, "Enjoying the view Jack?

Good, because after Tyler here, *you're next*." He began to slice through the threads, re-opening the blonde who let out a loud sob, and chanting 'Nonononokillmekillmepleaseno'. Matt smiled as he could practically *feel* Jack's determination dwindle as Edd operated before him. Humming a cheery tune that did not suit him cutting apart and taking Tyler's digestion track from the loudly sobbing and screaming man. "Matty, Tyler needs a shot, we don't want him passing out through this just yet."

"Coming!"

Jack regretted every single thing in his life, *especially* moving into the house owned by these **monsters**. He shivered as he sees the eager and sadistic smile on the ginger's face as he injected something into his old housemate, he briefly pitied any other poor soul that would move in after he and Tyler 'moved out'. The pity quickly turned into fear as the ginger declared boredom and turned his red eyes towards him with a sly, eager smile as he brandished a single needle and a long, piece of thread.

His whispered, "Noo." Was only met with a childish giggle from the sharply grinning murderer.

Matt really did love his job, and so did Edd.

Edd whistled slightly as he opened the door for him and Matt. "Oh, welcome back." The brunette blinked as he saw both Tord and Tom on their couch, oh right, they had new housemates now.

"Heya guys!" Matt chirped, making a bee line towards the couch to sit down as well. "What'cha watching?" He asked, settling down besides them, he noticed Tom shuffle a bit away but stay, Tord didn't move an inch and just shrugged.

"So far nothing's caught our eye, though The Children should be on in an hour or so."

"Awesome!"

Edd chuckled and just walked past them, "I'll start on making dinner, does anyone want anything specific tonight?"

"Nope! You know I love anything you cook Eddy!"

"Anything's good."

Tom just stayed silent and shrugged, ignoring Tord's look at that.

"Alright, I'll see on what we have in the fridge."

As the brunette cooked, he idly wondered as he started cooking, on how their new housemate would react to his and Matt's occupation and the fact they were actually known serial killers? Miss Toriel did say that she would take care of Jack and Tyler's bodies for them. Hopefully she placed them somewhere the police could find it soon, last time it took a few days for their last work to be found and reported on.

Though, soon he began to wonder on how long Tom and Tord would stay and whether or not they'd end up leaving alive like most of their other housemates, or dead like Tyler, Jack and the other housemates that crossed with Edd and Matt in an unsavory way.

Oh well, only time would tell.

Chapter End Notes

That as fun to write! The next chapter is going to take a bit longer, I still have my other stories to focus on as well. But I hope you enjoyed~!

Stitches and Carver

Chapter Notes

Yeah I have no idea on how to do a formal news report, I don't exactly watch the news. But hey, I tried.

Warning: Descriptive Gore, Body Mutilation, Body Horror.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Though, soon he began to wonder on how long Tom and Tord would stay and whether or not they'd end up leaving alive like most of their other housemates, or dead like Tyler, Jack and the other housemates that crossed with Edd and Matt in an unsavory way.

Oh well, only time would tell.

It had nearly been a week since both Tom and Tord settled down in the seemingly kind and happy household. So far, all four men sharing the house felt comfortable, even Tom to an extent even though he still tended to stay in his room most of the day. Which was something of a feat --somewhat- to Tord as he could see that Tom was actually making an effort to be social *without* his 'prodding and nagging' as Tom would put it. He even cut back his attitude and tried not to drink as much as he usually did.

So far, Matt had hugged both Tom and Tord once and honestly... the ginger's hugs weren't so bad, granted they were both a bit uncomfortable with it at first but with how Matt was keeping his word of letting them know and keeping his promise in not doing it very often, instead using Edd to fill his hug quota, which was a lot as they both observed so having Matt keep his word in not hugging them often was actually kind of nice, but in the future they'd realize they were slowly getting used to Matt's hugs which slowly became more and more frequent as they got comfortable with the ginger touching and hugging them.

Over the week, all four men hardly left the house with Matt and Edd occasionally leaving for groceries or needed items but nothing else for 'work' with the exception of the day they actually did go to work the day after Tom and Tord moved in and were gone for the whole day. Which made Tord wonder on what their jobs were, it had honestly slipped his mind to ask about what they did for their daily income. Surely it was something since they seemed to be living off good before Tom and Tord became their housemates, and with their previous and still currently missing housemates they had to have a good job to pay for their expenses.

At any rate though, it was a peaceful setting in the shared household.

This morning started out normal enough, Edd was cooking breakfast in the kitchen while the three other men were in the living room, Matt idly doodling in a purple notebook while on the farther sofa chairs, apparently focused in whatever he was drawing in the notebook. Tom and Tord were lounging on the couch, flipping through channels to see anything interest that morning. Tom curled on the far end of the couch, he'd stayed up almost all night last night when he was hit with inspiration for a new song that he immediately went to work on and finished just this morning so he was really tired. Tord lounged in the middle of the couch and had total control over the remote for the morning.

Tord stopped at the news channel, perking with interest as they reported something, or rather *someones* he had been vaguely interested for years now. Ever since he first caught wind of them nearly four years ago.

"In the most recent news, the infamous duo of homicidal serial killers, 'Stitches and Carver' seem strike again as one of their most recent victims have been found in an abandoned alley just last night."

'Did they finally find Tyler and Jack? Took them long enough.' Matt thought idly to himself, seemingly 'too focused' on his drawing to notice the gruesome news on the screen. Tord just grinned at the news and turned the volume up just a bit.

"Like all other victims over the years, the victim's bodies have been 'carved' of their internal organs and even bones and 'stitched' together, some of their

body parts have been mismatched with each other. Their faces have been sewn and made into a permanent smile, both victims have been identified as 27 year old 'Tyler Oakley' and 29 year old 'Jack Riddle'.

It truly is a gruesome sight with every victim coming from the mysterious and uncatchable duo of Stitches and Carver. For 6 years the confirmed duo of serial murderers have been steadily providing the police more and more mutilated victims and have yet to be caught in the act whatsoever.

With each month, each year, their body count just seems to get higher and higher with each confirmed kill, just when will these two be brought to justice? "

It takes all of Matt's concentration to not smile widely at the news report, it was nice to hear such *entertaining* feedback about he and Edd's most recent work. Though the report was only half-right, officially to the world, 'Stitches and Carver' -apparently Matt was Stitches while Edd was Carver, they didn't pick those names, the people and police just eventually took to calling them that and he and Edd just rolled with it- have been active for six definitive years, *but in all actuality*, they've been 'serial killers' for much longer than that. All thanks to their job as 'Harvesters' underneath Miss Toriel.

"This pair again, the police still don't have *any* leads or any *clues* on them. How the hell are they getting away with this?" Tord asked, mostly to himself as he listened with morbid fascination on the report. Stitches and Carver, a confirmed working pair of serial killers that popped out of nowhere six years ago, their first 'official' and 'confirmed' victim had been a woman named 'Wendy Rosamund'. She had been found in the woods, pinned to a tree with all her organs, *all of them*, carved out of her body with a disturbing level of skill and professionalism. A disturbingly cheerful smile sewn unto her face.

It was thought that there had only been one serial killer at the start, 'Carver' since the stitching at first only been smiles but it gradually worked to stitching their victim's eyes shut and then more, it was only after being corrected by the murderers themselves did they find out that the 'carving' and the 'stitching' had been done by two separate people. It had been a

disturbing thing, the message had been carved into the skin of a large man nearly a year in of their infamous career.

'Don't just give me all the credit, my lovely partner deserves half the glory since he worked hard to stitch these people up quite beautifully. =) - 'Carver''

That had been the message, ever since then, they had been regarded as the *serial duo*, 'Stitches and Carver'.

"Who knows." Tom yawned, briefly looking at the screen before closing his eyes again. Damn, he was so tired this morning, he shouldn't have stayed up but hey, when inspirations hits, it hits. And last night it had hit *hard*, also at least he had two new songs to his name. So in his personal opinion, it had been worth staying up the whole night to work on it.

Tord hummed thoughtfully, "I mean, you think they'd leave some sort of DNA trail, don't you think?" He asked, Matt had to stifle his grin as he practically hid behind his notebook, he and Edd were far beyond from stupid. They had always been careful not to leave any sort of trail for the police, government and even the FBI to find. Plus, it helped that they had *very* unconventional means of wiping their tracks and keeping clean, ah, magic, to very useful and versatile. Also, the help they got from Miss Toriel didn't hurt either~!

"I don't fuckin' know, Tord. You and your weird obsessions."

"I'm not obsessed, I'm just- *curious*, the police have so much at their disposal, you'd think they'd find a lead by now." Tord retorted, or at least, he thinks the police had so much at their disposal. With how big of a body count the killers had, they had to have *something* right? They've been trying to catch the killers for over half a decade now. Though he had heard rumors that even the FBI didn't have any leads, which was simultaneously terrifying, nearly awe-inspiring, and concerning. Just how smart were these murderers anyway?

Tom rolled his non-existent eyes, "Ever think it's all just a gimmick? I mean seriously, 'Carver', 'Stitches'? The media plays it up too much. Just change

the channel, that kitten show should be on." Tom complained, too tired to deal with his weird friend-enemy-lover. Tord huffed at him, though he didn't change the channel to the eyeless man's annoyance but was once again too tired to prod the other to change it. Actually, as the devil-haired man observed the two victims, he faintly thought that they seemed a bit familiar, their names at least; where had he heard of a 'Tyler Oakley' and a 'Jack Riddle' again?

"What about Carver and Stiches?" Edd asked curiously as he exited the kitchen to tell them breakfast was ready, he blinked as he caught a glimpse of the new, oh so the police finally found them huh, time to play the horrified housemate act. "That's Tyler and Jack!" He declared with a horrified look.

'Oh.' Tord thought as he glanced at the 'horrified' brunette and the tv screen, so that was why the names seemed so familiar. They were Edd and Matt's ex-housemates. Matt finally glanced up from his drawing with a confused, "What?" Only to let out a 'terrified' shriek at the gore that was currently showing on the screen, dropping his notebook at the sight of the uncensored gore of the tv and scrambled to hide behind his chair, though in reality he used the chair to hide the fact he was silently laughing, feeling proud at their work and smiling widely. "Oh that's horrible!" He cried out from behind the chair, seemingly unwilling to see the tv with the news on. He turned his proud smile into a frightened look as he peeked his head out only to duck behind again in 'fear'.

Edd covered his mouth in horror and closed his eyes, looking away, in reality though he did it to hide his smile and amusement at how exaggerated Matt was acting to the news of their ex-housemates demise. They've pulled this act before, not always of course.

"Huh? That's them?" Tom narrowed his eyes at the screen, those were the two's previous housemates that suddenly moved away? He looked between the blond with sunken blue eyes and the brunette with dull black eyes, the picture displayed on how they last looked before the facial make-over they had, they certainly fitted what he imagined them to look like after Edd told him about them.

Wasn't the blond a druggie and the other a conman?

He shrugged and blurted out his thoughts bluntly, "Well, they're dead now." That earned him a smack to the knee with Tord hissing a sharp, "Thomas!" to him.

Tord glanced at the news before deciding to change the channel, for Edd and Matt's sake. "That's terrible, they must've had a run in with the wrong people... Do you think that the police might question you two?" He looked at both of them, but gave a concerned look to Matt, "You alright there Matthew? I know they weren't the best but it must scare you since you knew them." The ginger sniffed and gave him a small thankful smile.

"Maybe." Edd answered him as Matt stood from behind the chair.

"I-I'm okay, it's just the sight of blood that get's me twitchy." He admitted, it did but for other reasons, "I know they were bad people, but did they really deserve that?!" Yes, yes they did. In his and Edd's opinion anyway, they looked so much better than before and they definitely learned their lesson. They had been so rude to him and his boyfriend.

Edd sighed, coming over to let Matt hug him and bury his face, looking over to his two housemates. "Breakfast is ready if you guys want, I'm going to calm Matt down a bit." He told them with a soft look, petting Matt's ginger hair in 'comfort'. The blood must have triggered his hunger, he hasn't eaten over the week- they should fix that, it was time to work at the cafe anyway.

The devil haired man nodded, tugging Tom up and went into the kitchen to eat, once in and out of earshot, Tord boxed in on Tom. Scolding him, "Dude, you can't say shit like that. Those were people they knew, dead or not, did you how fucked Matt looked over it?"

He gaped in return, aghast before angrily retorting, "Wha- Don't get shitty with me! You were just going on about how interesting those serial killers were! You're just as bad as me!"

"No, you stupid brat, I'm not. I'm not brushing off a murder and death as '*oh well, we all die some day*' I was commenting on how strange it was and about the serial killers themselves not the dead men. And we didn't know yet. Don't be a jackass and don't ruin *another* living situation for us. I fucking like it here." Tord hissed, Tom shoved his shoulder roughly with glare.

"Fuck you! I haven't-"

"Just shut up. You piss me off." So maybe he was a bit harsh on Tom, but hadn't he seen how upset the innocent ginger had been? How Edd was comforting him now?

Tom growled in frustration, shoved Tord again with both hands, and grabbed a piece of bacon before retreating to his room. Fuck Tord. He passed Edd and Matt but didn't say a word, angry and definitely not wanting to make Matt more stressed.

Unknown to him and Tord, just a few minutes earlier Matt and Edd were having a discussion of their own, had they stopped to eavesdrop or listen in, they'd definitely be confused by their conversation.

Matt sighed, taking in Edd's scent. "Eddy, I'm hungry." He said quietly with a whine, he was, he shouldn't have strained himself and wait a whole week but eh, it was going to be worth it anyway.

Edd smiled, "Just deal with it for now Matty, we'll get to the cafe today. For now, eat breakfast, it'll do at the moment." The ginger hummed and hugged him tighter, he could hear Tom and Tord through the kitchen door, were they having an argument? Before he could do anything or say something to Edd, the brunette interrupted him with a question, "How do you like Tom and Tord so far?"

Matt was a bit thoughtful before he answered him, "They're nice, different but a nice different. Tom's a bit unhappy-ish though, he's not rude and he's trying so he's good for now. And they both smell amazing like you so that's a bonus." They didn't stink like Tyler and Jack did, their scents were actually quite nice like Edd's.

He snorted, "I was thinking the same thing. Not the smell though but it's nice to know they don't stink to your nose like Tyler and Jack did. They've been really nice, I think they'll be here a while. Tom kind of reminds me of you when we were younger, remember that?" Edd chuckled as he compared Tom to Matt, or at least, a younger Matt.

The ginger giggled, "Yeah, and Tord reminds me of you. It's kind of cute."

Though both murderers blinked in surprise when Tom passed them after storming from the kitchen, looking pissed as he stomped upstairs towards his room.

"Oh dear, I wonder what happened."

Tord sighed deeply and pinched the bridge of his nose. He was so tired of Tom's insensitivity, he had to deal with it his whole life, all because his stupid dads made him promise to watch over the even more stupid kid whose parents died. Tom always remained neutral to death, even to his own, he let people push him around, everything about Tom was so *pathetic* and yet he was stuck with him. Stuck with bratty Tom who was so emotionally backed up he took it all out on the one person who gave him the time of day.

...

As much as he thought that way, he knew it wasn't true. Not all of it anyway, he did genuinely care for him- it was just that their relationship was complicated. The most complicated out there he'd dare wager even.

Edd went to the kitchen, Matt trailing close after him with a calmer, happier look but still looked a bit shaken up. They've had years to perfect their acting, ever since Matt turned when they were young and even before then they were never really normal. They only relied on each other and no one else. "Tom seemed upset, is everything alright?" Edd asked in both actual concern and curiosity as soon as he came in and saw Tord.

Tord waved slightly at the pair as they came in, mouth full of bacon. He blinked at the question and swallowed his food. "I'm sure he's fine." he

shrugged, glancing at the door where they had come in and Tom had gone off. "Tom is always like that." He'd go sulk in his room and then realize what he'd done afterwards, this was normal.

Meanwhile, Tom shut himself in his new room. He'd done some redecorating on his door, putting up caution tape and a ska-themed guitar sticker on it, Tord hadn't bothered with his but Tom put both a bio-hazard sticker and a robot one on his door, the devil haired man didn't bother to take it off, secretly liking it as Tom knew he would. Anyway, inside his room was dark since Tom didn't bother to turn on the lights or open the very thick black curtains that helped keep the room so dark.

He sat himself on the floor, feeling emotionally torn. Sometimes he hated Tord. Hated him so much his blood boiled and it took everything in him not to lash out. But at the same time, Tord is his best friend, his only friend, his complicated lover and the only sort of family he had. He sucked in a breath and decided, yes, now would be a great time to go back to sleep. He'd apologize to Edd and Matt when he woke up later and had a clearer, less tired mind.

In the kitchen, Edd still looked concerned. "Still, skipping breakfast isn't very healthy." Edd took a plate and smiled at them both, "I'll take a plate to him, Matt go ahead and eat." Matt nodded, sitting down as Edd went out to give Tom breakfast. Matt's stomach growled loudly and he smiled sheepishly at Tord before digging in himself.

"He took a piece of bacon." Tord informed him before he left but shrugged, oh well, Edd really was too nice. Being concerned over Tom like that. He chuckled at Matt's stomach, looks like someone was starving. From what he's seen, the ginger really liked to eat a lot of food but this was the first time he'd even heard Matt's stomach growling like that.

Matt hummed as he chewed, a question coming to mind. "How long have you known Tom?" Matt asked Tord curiously after swallowing, his hunger would be stalled by the food but wouldn't be satiated completely. Normal food was delicious and all but it would never really make him full, not like blood did.

Tord became a bit more neutral at the question. "Ehh I think I met Tom for the first time when we were three but I only started talking to him when we were in kindergarten. What about you and Edd?" Tord took a bite of his eggs, damn Edd was a good cook, he doesn't even like eggs. He definitely liked it here, it was peaceful, their housemates were so genuinely nice and one of them was a damn good cook.

"Oh, Edd and I knew each other since we were babies. Edd's family took me in when I came up on their doorstep, I don't know who my parents are but that's okay since I have Edd!" Matt chirped happily, enjoying Edd's cooking as well, "It was funny, we didn't even like each other when we were kids, we were fighting a lot and I was apparently a bratty thorn in Edd's side. It changed when we both turned nine and suddenly we were the best of friends!"

He wasn't even joking, when they were little they had been almost sworn enemies, disliking how the other was so fake with the world and were very competitive and then he and Matt had been attacked when they turned 9 and Edd came to his rescue and he in return came to his. The incident left Matt non-human and had been their first kill outside of animals. "I can't really remember why it changed though." Matt lied with a thoughtful frown.

"Oh, Tom doesn't have parents either." Tord said thoughtfully, interesting how the two pairs were similar, both practically taking one in and both having a hating relationship till a certain point. Though Tord and Tom's were still strained and he figured Matt was exaggerating about how much they used to hate each other- the two were the most affectionate lovers he'd ever seen! "I would never have guessed you two have *ever* had a point in time where you didn't get along."

"Get along who?" Edd asked as he entered the kitchen, plate still in hand.

Minutes earlier

Edd knocked on Tom's door, "Tom? It's Edd, I just wanted to bring you breakfast! I can save it for you if you're not hungry though." Edd called through the door. As much as he was a psychotic murderer, he liked it when

people were healthy and taking care of themselves. The more healthier ones were always fun to play with with Matt, plus their blood would be healthy for Matt as well.

Not to mention that he did actually find Tom alright and wanted him to be at least okay in terms of his own health. Matt finding Tom alright was an added point too. And hey, if Tom ever became rude, he'd be at least healthy for Matt and him! Strangely though, he hoped Tom and Tord wouldn't cross him and Matt.

Naturally, as soon as Tom gets comfortable, someone comes looking for him. He sighs and shifts slightly on his bed, he'd long abandoned his place on the floor and instead came to his much comfier place to sleep; his bed obviously. "...I'm not hungry, thanks though Edd." he closed his eyes.

"Okay! Have a nice morning Tom! It'll be wrapped in the fridge if you still want it later!" Edd hummed, heading back down with some disappointment. Oh well, he did seem and sounded tired, he must be getting some sleep then.

Tom didn't answer, trying to lull himself to sleep, he was thankful though. Edd really was just too nice...

...

"Get along who?" Edd asked as he entered the kitchen, plate still in hand and going to wrap Tom's plate in safe plastic so he could put it inside the fridge. The eyeless man could heat it up later.

"He's talking about when we were kids, I told him about when we hated each other!" Matt informed him. It was no problem in telling the truth of their past, as long as they omitted and lied over a few things then it would be fine.

"Ooh." Edd sat down and laughed a bit, "Yeah, we didn't get along for most of our childhood but now it's different. Matt's the most important person I have in my life." Truth, Matt was the only person he could rely on, the only person he could be himself with. It was just them, it always had been and always will be.

Little did he know that fact was going to change in a few months.

Matt squealed, "Aww, you're important to me too Eddy!" He declared, dragging his chair over to Edd's side to hug him. Only Edd could incite such genuine feelings of happiness like this, everyone else was mostly fodder and toys in their eyes. Edd smiled fondly, patting the ginger's head softly, their thoughts were mutual.

Unknowing of their thoughts, Tord thought these two men were too fucking sugary sweet, they could potentially and probably give him actual diabetes.

"Oh yeah, Matt and I are going out for work today. So we're going to be gone for most of the day, we should be back until dinner though." Edd informed Tord, he was going to get someone for Matt, who's stomach growled loudly again much to his embarrassment.

The red-hoodied man nodded, "Sure. Where do you guys work, by the way? I don't think I ever asked." Though he looked amused at Matt's stomach.

"We mostly part time in a cafe called Slice and Sew, it's where we're going to work today actually." Edd told him, "But sometimes I'm an extra instructor in an art studio that's close by, I also do some personal art commissions in the neighborhood. Matt part times in a salon right next to my studio so we work nearby, he's a make-up artist." They did have normal jobs outside of their personal work. Kind of. Though they considered them as part-time jobs that were neatly suited for them and their interests and hobbies.

The cafe was actually a cover up mostly, it was a hotspot order and trade deal for those like Matt, inhuman customers mostly. He and Matt were Harvesters, they 'harvested' humans mostly and boy does it pay big time. And after nearly a decade of service underneath Miss Toriel, the owner and

the big underground boss of the city -bigger than even the local gangs human or otherwise-, they were able to choose some days off or be able to come into work as they pleased as long as they filled their working quotas of organs and blood. However they still came in whenever Miss Toriel wanted them in. She had looked after them ever since Matt turned, practically raising them as they grew until she had them work for her in their teenage years.

She even let them do their little 'serial killer' act, usually that would be too risky for Harvesters like them but in the end was amused and even helped them out whenever they wanted the police to see one of their newest work. Actually liking the way the human police would scramble around trying to figure out something they would never be able to figure out, not on her watch.

All in all, Slice and Sew was essentially a nice little monster shoppe.

"Ah, sounds like you keep yourselves busy." Tord didn't envy them, he liked working from home, he only had to go out for science conventions that he's paid to attend or to meet large business dealers for his more experimental work, while few at the moment still paid big and he was confident that more business dealers would seek him out as he worked on his latest project. Tom worked from home too, they rarely left the house unless they had to. He finished his breakfast and stood, cleaning his plate in the sink before loading it in the dishwasher.

"We do, though we only work when we want to with the exception of Slice 'n Sew." Edd informed him as he ate, "The art studio and salon are kind of like hobbies to us and the cafe's our main job but we have fun."

"That sounds better than what I was thinking, I'd go nuts if I had even one traditional job, kudos to you both." Tord hummed

Matt nodded for both Edd and Tord, agreeing with his lover while thanking Tord, finishing his breakfast and loading it into the dishwasher too, only for his stomach to growl again. Wow, he was really hungry. "Seriously Matt? I know I call you a glutton but you just ate breakfast!" Edd joked, finishing

quickly as he knows how hungry Matt was, he needed some blood or else he'd go on a Frenzy.

"It's not my fault I have an insane metabolism! I want cake, think Miss Toriel's willing to give up one of her cakes today?" Matt asked as he rubbed his stomach in an effort to sooth his hunger, he could already feel his fangs slowly starting to grow in, his gums itched from it.

"Glutton."

"Oh shoosh!"

Tord laughed at poor Matt's stomach. "Jeez man, its like you never ate." Ah, so that was why the ginger could eat so much and not gain a pound, his natural metabolism must be insanely high then. If only he knew.

"Don't you start too Tord!" Matt said indignantly, pouting at him and his boyfriend. Edd laughed with Tord, but was quick to finish his breakfast and load his dishes in the dishwater.

"Alright, we're going now. Have a nice day Tord, and please tell Tom to eat something eventually when he gets out of his room." Edd wouldn't admit it now but he liked having Tom around even though he was really quiet most of the time, his presence was kind of comforting like Matt's.

"I will. See you guys later." Tord nodded to them, bidding them goodbye.

"Bye Tord!" Matt said cheerily as he and Edd left the kitchen, making sure they had their keys and wallets before leaving for the cafe to satiate Matt's hunger.

It's such a nice day for a stomach-filling meal.

Chapter End Notes

This is no doubt longer than my two other chapters. Very nearly 5,000 words.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

Pie (Not) Worth Dying For

Chapter Notes

Warning: Descriptive Gore, Body Mutilation, Body Horror, Torture and Implied Cannibalism.

I'm probably not even so accurate in taking apart a human body but again, hey I tried.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Bye Tord!" Matt said cheerily as he and Edd left the kitchen, making sure they had their keys and wallets before leaving for the cafe to satiate Matt's hunger.

It's such a nice day for a stomach-filling meal.

Slice and Sew.

A nice medium sized cafe that was locally famous and known to be owned by the kindest old lady on the block; Miss Toriel. The cafe itself was named after Miss Toriel's delicious slices of baked confections -her pies, cakes, cookies, cupcakes, etc.- and her tendency to sew and knit in the cafe, offering classes and advice to those who came by and seemed interested in knitting or sewing in general.

She often held peaceful classes from time to time, instructing the few people that came for her help in sewing, the local mothers, old ladies, aspiring tailors or just anyone that came and seemed interested whenever it was time for her class.

Of course, that was what most normal people thought that was all.

What they didn't know was that it was the main base for Miss Toriel's underground inhuman operations. A well-thought of cover up to a world that society thought to didn't exist, the cafe was a well-known place alright, a hotspot for *monsters* alike. Somewhere where most local monsters in disguise could order and trade things in the public without anyone batting an eye.

To the eyes of the human public, Slice and Sew was open from 7 AM to 10 PM and was closed on Sundays and specific holidays. To the eyes of the monster public it was open 24 hours with the exception Miss Toriel closed it down for... personal businesses.

Miss Toriel was well known, either locally or not. Either as the kind old lady she usually portrays to be in the public eye or the dark mistress that she was in all actuality in the dark. Matt and Edd knew both sides very well, having grown and worked under her since they were teens.

"Good morning Miss Toriel!" Matt chirped as he and Edd entered the cafe, she smiled in turn, pardoning herself from a customer and letting another employee talk as she turned to them. "Matty and Eddy, reporting for duty!" He continued, giving her a little salute that had a little girl giggling off at the side.

He waved at the little girl, smiling when she waved back at him. Hopefully she would grow into someone that wouldn't end up on their harvesting table, he could feel that she was one of the rare children that weren't total brats and little balls of boredom. The other little girl on the other hand, the one demanding cookies from her mother, he could easily imagine her ending up on the table, he and Edd dealt with her types even when they were children themselves.

Their childhood had been... boring for the most part, the less boring parts mostly involved each other even though back then they had really disliked each other.

"Good morning Matthew, Edward, come. I have something *special* in store for you~" Miss Toriel laughed lightly, any other normal person would just

think that the old woman was giving them something special but they knew the truth.

They had a special person to work on today.

She led them to the back, "Now, I have *someone* special for you two to harvest today. Be sure to show her our most *exceptional* treatment alright boys~?" Miss Toriel said sweetly. Oh, *someone* certainly crossed the line if Miss Toriel was personally informing them for the long procedure. "I know you'll already do wonderful, you two make me so proud!" She praised, smiling softly at them. Her boys, oh how they've grown.

"Thank you Miss Toriel, we'll do our absolute best as always." Edd told her, opening the secret entrance, "Matt is quite hungry, what's our guest's blood type?" On cue, the vampiric ginger's stomach growled and he gave the amused old woman a sheepish smile.

Miss Toriel laughed, "Her blood type is AB positive, enjoy your meal Matthew!" She waved them goodbye as they stepped through, Matt giving her a cheerful, "Thanks!" as the door closed. The owner of the cafe hummed, stepping back to the front and talked with a patient costumer and friend, "My apologies, now, where was I? Oh yes, she was quite rude! A nasty woman, she was hassling everyone in my cafe. Oh don't worry, I had her escorted out of the cafe. Hm? Actually no, I have a feeling that she will never step foot in my cafe, *ever again~*" She laughed, the innocent customer was ignorant to the dark undertones of her laugh and smile.

Tom yawned as he went down the stairs, blearily rubbing the sleep out of his eyes- er, eye sockets. He'd managed to sleep for a solid hour before his hunger got the best of him, so he sat up and got out of his room, remembering that Edd had saved some leftovers from him in the kitchen.

The ska-loving man ate them cold, feeling better as his stomach no longer demanded to be filled and noticed how quiet it was aside from the occasional clank and noise from whatever Tord was working on. The devil-haired male went to his room after Matt and Edd left, started tinkering with his own work.

Tom took a quick walk around which revealed that his two housemates weren't home, he wondered where they went. He went to Tord's room to investigate, thankfully his room was unlocked, his childhood friend was wiring at the moment, the twist of the metal grate causing a sharp sound every time Tord jostled it when he was reaching for a brightly coloured wire.

"What." He said without looking up. Tom always thought he looked nice with his goggles on like that and focused, mostly because he didn't pay attention to him so Tom could watch him without Tord's smug and amused face looking at him.

He pulled up Tord's extra rolly chair and sat down, watching him work for a few minutes before asking.

"Where's Edd and Matt?"

"Work."

"Oh."

They sat in silence for a few minutes, Tom broke it.

"You're a jerk, you know that right, Tord?"

"Are you pestering me because of this morning? If that's the case then buzz off."

"No, well yes, but you're always a jerk, so no."

"Whatever."

"....When will they be back?"

"Around dinner. Leave me be." Tord gruffed.

Tom huffed and very near well pouted like a spoiled child.

Tord sighed in annoyance, looking away from his work to give him an irritated look. "Jesus, Thomas, we've got the house to ourselves go do what you always do and quit bothering me while I work!"

"...Fine." Tom flicked the side of Tord's head and left. Tord rolled his eyes before focusing back on his project.

Tom went back into his room, he'd record a new video for his channel in the mean time, then he'd maybe cook dinner for everyone tonight, since Edd was nice to him this morning. He hummed, taking his bass in hand and idly thought of his two new housemates.

They were really nice, incredibly and unbelievably so. Matt seemed almost always smiling, he was narcissistic but not annoyingly so and he *was* handsome and cute so the ginger's narcissism was *kind of* justified. Tom actually tolerated his hugs and felt the tiniest bit happier, the other's enthusiasm maybe contagious.

Edd was a kind and caring man, he liked him. He found the other's cola addiction funny along with the puns he usually spouted out from time to time, the green-wearing man was laid back but hard working and he's seen a few of Edd's art works- he was good artist. Plus he was a hell of a cook and a baker. A man of many talents.

The two of them together, it was really sweet. Matt was openly affectionate and Edd returned it two-fold, it made him a bit uncomfortable and maybe the tiniest bit jealous. Why couldn't Tord be as affectionate? Or at least, a bit more affectionate and less of an ass?

Tom sighed and shook his head before focusing on his music, he needed to a record and make a new video for his channel.

Entering the room, Edd and Matt were met with a blond woman in her early twenties. Strapped to the table and stripped to her lingerie, looks like she was awake now as she was struggling and panicking, "W-Who's there?! Hey, what's going on, let me go!"

"Good morning miss, so nice of you to join us. If you can wait for a minute or so, Matty and I will start shortly." Edd said in a faked cheery tone as he and Matt went to the side to equip and change into their usual clothing. Both ignored the shrieks of the woman and chatted idly, "Mm, since Miss Toriel asked for the *exceptional* treatment, do you want to use the tube this time?" He asked Matt.

The *exceptional* treatment just essentially meant they'd draw out her suffering, which would span from a week to a full on month. Keep her alive for as long as Miss Toriel wanted and then draw out her death on her command.

The ginger hummed, slipping on his apron and gloves. "Maybe, we'll have to ask for some discs though for the treatment, I'll get it later when we need it. Which scalpel are you going to use and what are we starting on?" Edd made a thoughtful noise, going over to the tools at his disposal.

"Well, first let's bleed her out- see how she tastes for you Matt then we can open her up to see what she has to offer." Edd picked up a stainless steel meat needle probe and handed it over to Matt who beamed and let out a cheer.

Matt strode over to the woman, looming over her with a wide smile as he waved the *very sharp* needle in front of her shocked, silenced face. "Here piggy piggy, let's see how you taste~" To the woman, it was a terrifying sight. Matt's normally bright eyes were dulled, almost emotionless other than the sadistic gleam that shined in his blue orbs, it really contradicted the innocent and beaming smile he wore. Before she could even say or think anything more- Matt stabbed the needle into her arm, pushing it half-way and making her shriek in pain.

They continued to ignore her, Matt whistled a little tune, heartlessly pulling the needle out after twisting it a bit and causing the restrained woman more pain, he sniffed at the bloodied needle and to her horror, he took a lick. "Mm, AB positive just like Miss Toriel said- you don't taste too bad miss." Matt praised slightly with a smile, "I think I'll use the tube this treatment Eddy, she doesn't taste too bad so I can definitely take my time for a while!" He declared. Edd let out a chuckle and nodded before looking for said tube.

"Y-You goddamn fucking freak what the fuck?!" She shrilled, her coarse language and accusation made Matt's smile falter a bit, suddenly she clammed up in fear as Matt stared at her with unnaturally *red* eyes, his emotionless blue eyes had *changed* into monstrous red and he smiled *sharply* at her. Fangs in full view.

"That's not a nice thing to say miss." Matt told her in a low purr, "It's too early for you to lose your vocal privileges yet. Now do keep your words to yourself, I'm quite famished you know." She whimpered before thrashing uselessly on the table, the vampiric ginger rolled his eyes and sighed but perked as Edd finally came to the table with a smile, carrying a currently coiled plastic tube with a transfusion needle at the end.

Matt took the offered tube, slipping the smaller needle in the same spot he had stuck the previous and bigger needle in- painfully forcing the needle deeper into her arm and causing her to writhe and cry, nodding in satisfaction as the transfusion needle stayed put. The woman watched through pained tears as her monster torturer began to suck at the tube like a goddamn *straw*, whimpering as she felt her blood being sucked through the painful needle that dug into her arm. "You enjoy your meal Matty, I'm going to start now." Edd told him, kissing the ginger's cheek and happy as he sees his boyfriend's hunger being sated.

The still unnamed woman began to try and struggle again as Edd revealed the scalpel in his hand, "Oh stop it, you'll just make it more painful for yourself." Edd told her bluntly, his own warm brown eyes were cold as ice in the face of the human female who had called his lover a freak, such disrespect. Matt temporarily stopped to fetch a chair so he could sit, drink and watch his boyfriend work, it would be his turn to work on her later.

Gripping the scalpel in a firm hold, Edd glided the sharpened metal tool over the woman's slim stomach, once again ignoring the curses and screams the woman spouted as Edd sliced a complete sideways 'H' on her chest all the way down to her abdomen, cutting through her bra without a second thought or emotion. Firey agony was what she felt as Edd continued to cut into her, *exposing her insides and poking around organs-*

"Mm, time to give her a shot Matt."

"Alrighty then! Just hold on a bit."

Just as she thought she was going to pass out from the pain, another needle was inserted into her body and something was injected into her system. Suddenly the pain numbed ever so slightly, just enough to keep her awake but she sobbed in horror as she looked at her torturers.

"S-stop, please- whyareyoudoing*this*!" She pleaded into the second hour of Edd shifting through her organs, slowly getting to one of her kidneys and getting it out while Matt idly drank her blood through a tube, she felt incredibly weak and in pain, her mind muddled by the slow bloodloss and whatever drug they used to keep her agony in check and keep her awake.

Matt giggled, a horrible sound in her ears as he glanced at her with amused red eyes, "You crossed the wrong line miss, our boss told us to treat you extra for what you've done. I wonder what you did to make her so mad for this but hey, it's not our job to question Miss Toriel- we only follow her orders." He tittered, licking his bloody lips along with the bloody tube in his mouth.

Miss Toriel? *The old woman of the cafe?* ***She was the one behind all of this?!***

"AUGH!!"

Edd 'tsked', "I told you to stay still, I knicked a muscle because of you." He scowled before sighing. "Oh well, at least I got her kidneys in time." *Wait what.* The woman stared as Edd lifted a pair of kidneys, *her kidneys*. When had he-?! He'd just done radical nephrectomy on his own without much outside help in two hours.

"Give that back, that's not yours, *stop this stop it stop it!*" She screamed, screamed until her throat was hoarse and she kept screaming. Matt winced and scowled at her.

The ginger growled in irritation, harshly tugging at the tube and painfully ripping the transfusion needle from her arm, her screams faltered at that. "Okay that is *it* miss. *Guess who lost her vocal privilege?*" He asked in faux

sweetness, he stalked away briefly before coming back with a sharp silver needle and spindle of black thread.

Her eyes widened as Edd laughed, "That's a new record, two hours in and you've managed to make my dearest Matty mad enough to sew your lips shut." He commented with an amused smile. The ginger loomed over her with a threatening smile, "No going back now, I hope you think everything you've ever said was worth it because you will never be able to take your words back or speak again after this." Edd stepped aside a bit to let Matt get started, though he did step in once more to deal with the internal bleeding the woman was currently suffering from.

Matt smiled blandly at her with those *terribly terribly emotionless red* eyes, he forced her head still and finally strapped it tightly against the table. Matt forcibly pinched the corner of her lips shut, being careful to not let her bite his fingers and began to pierce her skin with the needle, slowly dragging the now bloodied thread through the punctured holes of her lips. For now he'd keep her mouth shut, he'll change it into a proper smile later.

"I really hate rude and loud humans."

Matt hummed happily, feeling properly full as he and Edd headed home. "Mm~! That definitely hit the spot~!" He cheered with a bounce on his step, though he was careful not to let go of the warm box in his hands. "Think Tord and Tom will enjoy the pie Miss Toriel baked? Actually that was a stupid question, of course they would! It's Miss Toriel's pie!" The purple hooded ginger grinned.

After all their hard work, Miss Toriel decided to reward them with pie to take home. To share with their new housemates.

Besides him Edd chuckled, "Yeah well, they enjoyed my baking, they'll love hers." He and Matt learned a lot from Miss Toriel, and while Edd was a great baker and all he knew he couldn't compare to her. Her baked confections were always amazing- no matter what ingredient she used.

It was half past 8 by the time they arrived back home, both calling out with; "We're home!" "And we brought pie!"

Tom was on the couch, looking at first like a deer caught in the headlights but quickly relaxed with his bass in arms. "Hey." That seemed to boring so he added, "How was work?" Tord was still working in his room, louder this time with the metal so unable to hear Edd and Matt's arrival.

"It was fine, brought back pie for dessert." Matt chirped, showing Tom the pie.

"Pie. You guys sure eat a lot of pie." But Tom liked pie, so, that was nice, he would look forward to that.

It was then that the ginger noticed Tom's bass. "Oh wow! A bass! It looks amazing Tom!" He said excitedly. It was nice to see Tom being comfortable enough in their home to bring his instrument to the living room, he usually holed up in his room and Matt could only faintly hear the music. Though he enjoyed it nonetheless with his enhanced hearing, but he knew soon enough Tom would install sound erasing foam later on as he said. "And I bet it sounds just as amazing, can you play something for me? Anything? Please?" Matt asked him after he handed the pie over to Edd, who simply chuckled and went to put it in the kitchen and get dinner started. The ginger had been wanting to hear the other play clearly for a while now instead of listening through the walls.

Tom clammed up at Matt's enthusiasm over his bass, he was only out in the living room with his precious bass because no one was home and he wanted to stretch his legs. "I guess I could..." He fiddled with the bass strap and quickly thought of something to play. He had to look down at his fingers to play the chords to 'Under Pressure' only because if he looked up he'd get embarrassed and stop. It was just a quick bit of it but he hoped it was enough, at least he was confident in his skills, just not in person.

"That was amazing Tom! I'm glad I could actually hear it clearly this time." Matt said happily, he noticed Tom's anxiousness and decided not to push it even though he thought Tom could play really well. Tom was slightly surprised, the ginger listened in on his music sometimes? "The pie's from

Miss Toriel from the cafe Edd and I work at. She makes the best pies and cakes and cookies and just, she is the master at baking." He told him enthusiastically, but he made sure not to cross Tom's personal space. "She taught Edd some tricks so he's great at baking too! But cooking is something he's absolutely amazing at."

"Thanks." Tom took off his bass and set it on the couch besides him, the neck of it resting in his lap like a security of some sort. "She sounds nice, anyone who bakes has to be nice, its like... a rule." He mumbled, mind wandering a bit as he thought more into it.

"Stop flattering me so I can feed you more you glutton!" Edd said loudly as he poked his head from the kitchen.

"Never! And stop calling me a glutton Edd!" Edd just laughed, shook his head and tucked his head back in to make dinner. "He's mean sometimes but I love him." Matt admitted with a bright grin.

Meanwhile with Tom, his mind wandered, he knew that anyone who baked *had* to be nice, it wasn't exactly true but hey, who's to say it isn't? Except for the witch that ate Hanzel and Gretel... Then again they ate her house. Maybe it was only fair? Ah, Matt and Edd were talking, the eyeless man needs to stop zoning out. He tunes back in when Matt defended himself, he found it was cute and muffled a chuckle. "No offense, Matt, but you kind of are a glutton, I don't think he's being mean."

Matt puffed up indignantly, crossing his arms and looking away with a 'hmp!', "I just have a fast metabolism is all!" He defended before adding in after a moment, "And I like food. Everybody likes food and I know, it takes a lot for Edd to actually get really angry mean, he's usually teasing mean. But he teases me far too much!" He whined. This almost kind of felt natural, bantering and talking like this with another person who wasn't Edd, he found himself relaxing in Tom's presence.

"That's because it's so easy to tease you Matty, plus it's cute how you puff up in embarrassment, exactly like what you're doing right now." Edd teased, once again at the doorway, now wearing his usual pink apron and with a big grin on his face. They've done this so many times, act like the innocent

cutesy couple that they portrayed to be and actually kind of were, barring the fact that they were psychopathic murderers and all, but for some reason this felt ever so different. It wasn't really noticeable and they didn't notice it, but it was there, a sense of realness that wasn't there before.

Matt made an angry whining noise and flailed, getting off the couch to smack Edd, lightly of course he would never want to actually willingly and seriously hurt Edd, who only laughed at him. "See Tom? Mean!" He declared, crossing his arms with an exaggerated pout.

"The meanest." Tom snorted amusedly and stood, he liked Edd and Matt, they were fun and an adorable couple. They're definitely easier to be around than most people. "You guys are cute, I'm going to my room. Later." He put his bass on around his back and walked off. He wasn't feeling right to stick around for the moment, he was going to his room but first he was going to have to make a detour in Tord's room to tell him that their housemates were home. He'd come back down when dinner was ready.

Matt watched him go with a pout but smiled, "He called us cute!" He said happily, "I mean, we are cute, we're gorgeous but not a lot of people call us that." No, they called them other things, usually involving words that he and Edd didn't approve of like 'monsters', 'sickos', 'freaks', etc. But then again that was when he and Edd acted like a couple in front of their victims.

Edd rolled his eyes but kissed his cheek, he did feel a bit flattered about it though for some reason. He shrugged it off. "Yes, we are plenty attractive now come help me with dinner so we can all eat."

"Alright!" Matt cheered as he followed Edd into the kitchen to help make dinner. They were having teriyaki tonight with the pie as a dessert. "Miss Toriel is so nice, I wonder what that woman did to get on her bad side." Matt hummed, thinking back to their day at work. They hadn't got a chance to ask what happened.

"Don't know, don't care, she probably deserved it for messing with sweet old Toriel." Edd replied and almost snorted at his own words, oh yes, Miss Toriel was usually sweet but she was definitely not an old woman to be

crossed with. "She's got her comeuppance, you got fed and we got pie so it's a win-win for everyone except her."

Tom poked his head in, Tord was still working diligently and didn't notice him. he walked closer and tapped on the devil-haired man's shoulder, Tord jumped, nearly dropping what he was working on.

"Jesus fuck, Thomas!" He snapped, putting down his work to clutch at his chest, damn man nearly giving him a heart attack!

Tom only snorted and informed him, "Edd and Matt are back. Quit working."

"I'm almost done."

"No. Finish tomorrow, you're never actually almost done." Tom took the goggles off Tord's face and set them on the dresser, the other man looked thoroughly annoyed but didn't argue, rubbing his eyes. "They brought pie, too."

"Oh sweet." That perked Tord up from his work induced stupor.

"You're not allowed to have any." Tom lied, going to the door now that his goal has been fulfilled.

"Liar."

"True." Tom snickered and went to his own room to properly put Susan away and wait a bit for dinner in the solace of his room.

Tord supposed he should get properly dressed, since Pjs and a leather apron probably weren't ideal clothes to wear to dinner. He put on his normal wear and wandered downstairs to see what everyone was up to. Tom wasn't downstairs, that wasn't a surprise, but he could kinda hear Edd and Matt in the kitchen. Something about win-win? He walked in. "Hey, you're back." He greeted with a smile.

"Hi Tord!" Matt greeted, waving a knife at his direction before continuing to cut the vegetables Edd told him to do, he wasn't as good at a sharp object like Edd was but he wasn't going to be cutting off his own fingers any time soon.

"Hello Tord, yes, we're back and we brought back a meat pie from Slice and Sew, it's for dessert though so don't touch it yet." Edd brandished his spatula at him with a stern look, he was master of the kitchen, or so it said in white lettering on the apron he wore.

The Norwegian man held his hands up in mock surrender, "I won't touch it." He chuckled as he took a seat to watch them work a bit before asking. "What are we having for dinner tonight?"

"We're having teriyaki for dinner, it'll be ready in a while." Edd informed him.

"I'm helping!" Matt chimed as he gave the chopped vegetables to Edd.

"Yes, yes you are. You're not getting an early slice of that pie though."

Matt visibly wilted. "Aww."

"And you say you're not a glutton."

"I'm really not!"

Tord smiled slightly, these two were funny. "Anything I can do to help? Set the table maybe?"

Edd gave him a thankful smile, "If you would please, that'd be great. Thanks Tord." With that, he focused on making dinner, briefly telling Matt to help Tord with the table.

Matt hummed a jaunty tune, helping Tord with the table. With the blood in his stomach settling, he felt extra energetic and enthusiastic! That meant another sleepless night for him. Meanwhile with Tord, he was reminiscing a little; he hadn't helped set the table since he lived with his parents so it brought him fond memories. Suddenly he froze as Matt hugged him out of

nowhere, in the ginger's case, his enthusiasm had tipped over to the point where he felt like he needed to squeeze or hug the nearest person or object in the vicinity- which was unfortunately Tord at the moment.

He quickly let go as he remembered what he had promised, giving Tord a sheepish smile, "Hehe, sorry." He couldn't help it, not really anyway.

Tord waved it off, "Its fine." He'd probably handle random hugs better as they lived together, he was just unused to them for the time being.

Tom came trailing in, idly wondering if dinner was done from the delicious smell coming from Edd's cooking and a tiniest bit lonely, not that he'd ever admit it. "Wow. Tord did something for others for once." He said in regards to the table.

"Well, at least I acknowledge people."

".....Hi guys?" Tom mistook that jab as a scold and Tord shook his head. Honestly.

"Hi Tom!" Matt greeted brightly, happy to see him downstairs again.

Edd smiled, greeting him with an nod, "You're just in time for dinner, we're having chicken teriyaki." He said as he finished the teriyaki, the ginger sniffed and drooled at the scent, declaring a childish "Yay dinner!" that had Edd rolling his eyes, refraining from commenting about his apparent endless hunger- he'd *just* eaten his full meal of blood earlier, how was he hungry for regular food again? Oh right, he actually was a glutton. Regardless the fact that Matt could never feel full with regular food, he could survive only on blood but who'd want that? He liked the taste of Edd's cooking anyway.

Edd served the teriyaki to all four of them, "So, how was your day guys?" Edd asked them both as he sat down, Matt already starting to dig in with fervor.

Tom had never had teriyaki before, he didn't think Tord had either, he finds he really likes it. Tord doesn't sway one way or the other but is pleased once

again by how good a cook Edd is. They really were lucky the place Tord found on such short notice.

"Fine, decided to work a bit myself." Tord went to explain what he was working on but it was a lot of annoying technical words so Tom summed it up for everyone's sake.

"He's making a prosthetic with fake nerve endings."

"Exactly." Tord nodded, used to Tom cutting in. Not really annoyed by this time though.

That's right, Tord was a bio-engineer, both Matt and Edd thought together. The red hooded man was quite a genius, getting his doctorate and graduating full marks, though he preferred to work alone on his projects and research.

Swallowing, Matt grinned at him, "Really? That sounds so cool Tord!" It certainly sounded interesting to say the least, if Tord could successfully pull that off, he'd get a lot of money.

"What about you guys, anything happen at work?" Tord inquired in interest, Tom looked interested as well, wanting to learn a bit on both their days at work and a bit more about them.

The brunette in green shrugged, "Not much, the only exciting thing that happened was of a woman who crossed with the cafe owner and manager. Miss Toriel *really* didn't like her, so we dealt with her and she gave us the pie as a thanks." Edd informed them truthfully, omitting everything else from the torture they put her under.

Matt squealed, "Which is great! Miss Toriel's pie, well generally *all* her baked goods, are *amazing*! Edd learned a lot from her, it's why he's a great baker! His cooking is all him though. But still, Miss Toriel's *pie*, I just can't wait!"

"You're really hyping up on this pie." Tord chuckled in amusement.

Tom hummed thoughtfully, "What kind of pie is it anyway?"
He asked curiously.

Both smiled, bright and innocent.

"It's Miss Toriel's special *Kidney Meat Pie*."

Chapter End Notes

Yup.

Kidney Meat Pie. I hear it's quite delicious, I don't know I've never made or eaten anything of the sorts.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed the chapter. It was fun making it. Next chapter might not have any gore, no promises, but yeah.

When Night Comes

Chapter Notes

Oh hey I managed to keep my word of no gore this chapter, I mean, there's some implied stuff somewhere but I did it.

A little glimpse on the past of Edd and Matt, a glimpse of Ringo, this chapter's nice and no gore! Just blood, ish.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Tom hummed thoughtfully, "What kind of pie is it anyway?"
He asked curiously.*

Both smiled, bright and innocent.

"It's Miss Toriel's special Kidney Meat Pie."

The pie tasted *amazing*.

Matt's enthusiasm for the pie was definitely justified in the minds of Tom and Tord as they ate their slices of the pie Miss Toriel made, he and Edd were right, her pie and possibly her baking skills in general were *awesome*. No wonder Edd could bake so well if he learned baking from her.

"See? I told you." Matt said with a hint of smugness as he sees the semi-blissed out looks on the two. Miss Toriel's confections were near heavenly! The only baker the ginger would willingly say was better than Edd's baking, only because the elderly woman had taught Edd how to bake in the first place.

Tord chuckled, swallowing down the delicious meat pie, "Yes you did." He conceded, yep, the pie definitely lived up to the praise his housemates were giving it. "Maybe we should visit her shop sometimes." Tord mused, if all

her pies were this good then it was definitely worth going out the house for it.

As delicious as it was, Tom only managed half of his pie before deciding enough and giving the rest to Tord who didn't complain, looking immensely pleased. Tom chuckled to himself, knowing his devil-haired frenemy was a massive slut for pie. He got a questioning look from him but Tom didn't fill him in and tell him no matter how tempting it was to tease him for it.

"You should! Her cafe's a lovely place." Matt gushed as he finished off his slice, he looked at his empty plate then looked pleadingly at Edd who chuckled and nodded making him beam, with his boyfriend's permission Matt got a second slice.

Edd finished his slice, sitting back to stretch slightly and groan in satisfaction. "At any rate though, let's save the rest of the pie for tomorrow so we can enjoy it again." Edd said as he stood, gathering his dirty dishes. Matt pouted but nodded, he did want to savor the delicious kidney pie for a bit longer so alright, he won't eat the rest of the pie tonight. Though he would like another slice tonight.

As they finished the pie slices and gathering their dirty dishes, Tord offered to do them after taking his and Tom's dishes to the sink. Tom privately thought that he seemed to be in a good mood, probably thanks to the pie. Edd hummed at Tord's offer and thanked him, glad to see his housemate doing chores and helping out. Tord, while his cooking skills were left better unsaid, was very adamant with cleanliness and keeping a home relatively spotless. He was glad that Edd seemed to have the same mind set as him since he's seen the brunette do a lot of housework besides cooking.

Matt hummed lightly as he sifted through the fridge, looking for something nice to drink like some juice or something. Moving aside his boyfriend's ridiculous supply of cola -It surprised Tom and Tord to find out that Edd was so addicted to the soft drink, it really seemed to amuse them though- and managed to find one last grape flavored juice box left. Looking around the fridge, he decided that he and Edd should go shopping tomorrow, they were running low on a few things like eggs, milk. Yeah, they'd go shopping tomorrow.

Tom glanced at him, thinking privately to himself before sighing, "Hey Matt?" He called out softly.

Matt blinked and turned to Tom, "Yeah Tom?" He asked with his usual smile.

"I've got a new video game... Wanna play with me?" It was a two player game and Tord didn't usually want to spend time with him, besides, out of Edd and Matt, Tom seemed to feel a bit more calmer around the ginger surprisingly enough. And if he wanted to try hanging out with the ginger, well that was his business.

"I'd love to!" Matt beamed, he'd been wanting to spend some time with the other man whether to see if by the end of their stay, Tom and Tord would leave in one piece or not. So far though, he had a feeling that they'd leave with no major problems like the others.

Edd smiled at the offer, it was nice when everyone in the house got along. It made things easier and didn't end with missing people. Tord was somewhat surprised at the offer, but shrugged it off and was secretly proud and glad that Tom was willing to hang out with Matt, the ginger was certainly a nice person so that was good.

"Cool." Tom smiled slightly and got up. "I'll set it up and whenever you're ready just find me."

"Eddy?"

"Yeah?"

"Can I have a slice of the meat pie tonight? Just one, I promise. You know tonight's one of those nights."

Usually, after getting a stomach full of blood. Matt wouldn't be able to sleep, the amount of blood in his stomach would keep him up and it was sometimes a challenge to cure the following boredom that would haunt the ginger during the sleepless nights- which were a lot of nights since he ate every 5-7 days on account of his fast metabolism. He wasn't really joking

on that, even for a vampire like him his metabolism was freakishly fast and he couldn't last more than a week without feeling the pangs of hunger.

Matt passed it off as insomnia so their housemates wouldn't be very suspicious.

"Alright just don't eat it all, save some for the rest of us tomorrow. And try to get at least an hour of rest okay?"

"I will! I'll try at least."

While Tom didn't question Matt and Edd's strange conversation on his way out of the kitchen, Tord found it a bit odd but kept quiet. The eyeless man went towards his room to set up the game.

Edd left Tord to do the dishes and went to watch some tv in the living room, Matt trailing after him to spend some time before going up to play with Tom. He was vaguely excited, he rarely had company on the nights of his 'insomnia'. Edd sometimes stayed up with him but was ultimately human and couldn't really function without sleep even though if he wanted he could stay up the whole night, he's done plenty of all-nighters before in the past. Especially when they were teens but back then they were more active and had more responsibilities that required them to stay past midnight and the like. Ah, those were the times.

Anyway, the vampiric ginger usually stayed up and played single-player video games himself, watched something on the tv, head down and sew or knit, whatever to past the time and wait until morning. So having someone to play with at night was a nice little change of his usually solitary nights. Plus, a moment of bonding with Tom.

After a few minutes, Matt simply couldn't wait anymore and gave Edd a goodnight kiss.

"Since you're staying up, be a dear and feed Ringo when you can alright?" Edd said to him quietly before he left, to which he in turn smiled and nodded before going upstairs to play a game with Tom. "Have fun Matty!"

With Tord, when he finished with the dishes, he bid Edd goodnight and returned to his room to read hentai. Hey, he needed a break every now and then and he's been wanting to catch up and finish a certain hentai manga for a while. Besides, he was usually eager to get back to working but over the years Tom's annoying reminders for breaks embedded into the back of his mind so tonight was a good a night as any to have a break and indulge in one of his hobbies.

Eventually as the night went along, Edd turned in for the night, when he passed Tom's room he smiled as he heard the muffle sounds of both Matt and Tom through the door. Sounds like they were getting along well enough, so far sharing the house with Tom and Tord was going along just great and would hopefully continue to be that way, he had a good feeling about these two for whatever reason why. Humming, he decided to check in and knocked on the door, opening it when Tom gave muffled permission from within the room.

Looking back, Edd would muse how utterly right and wrong they were about Tom and Tord. And in turn, the two would muse how wrong and right they were about he and Matt.

No one was really expecting how things just went and spiraled over a few months.

"Come in." Tom called as he heard the knock on his door, having just finished setting up the game. He smiled a bit when his door opened and Matt stepped inside with a bright cheery grin, did the ginger ever stop smiling? "Hey Matt." He greeted from his place on the floor, already changed into his sleepwear which was just a baggy shirt and checkered sleep pants.

His game set up consisted of a small tv Tom owned and used solely for video games, a classic retro game set that matched the classic retro game screen on the tv, it flashed slowly in a nostalgic way typical with retro games. Tom had gotten a remastered old retro game, the eyeless man was quite proud of his gaming collection, he had the classic old set for his more

retro games and the modern version for the modern games he had. He was quite the gamer just as he was a musician.

"Hiya Tom!" Matt replied, eagerly sitting down besides him and in small awe at the remastered retro screen- he hadn't seen this in a long while, since he was a teen actually! "Oh wow, this looks great!" He gushed, looking over the controllers and the screen, "I haven't played a retro game like this in such a long time!"

Tom felt a bit smug at that and grinned at him, "Yeah, it's awesome I know. Want to start playing?" Matt's eager grin was telling.

"Yes please!"

For the next few hours, it was pleasant as the two played the game. Going through levels, making some noise over what happened, when they died or triumph over whatever the game threw at them.

A knock at the door had them pause the game slightly, "Come in!" It was Edd.

He gave them both a smile before asking, "Just wanted to check in before I sleep, everything alright?"

They both nodded as Matt answered him, "Yep, Tom and I are having lots of fun! You should join us next time Eddy." He glanced at Tom afterwards, he shrugged but nodded, playing with Matt had been fun- a lot more fun than Tord admittedly because he usually didn't want to play video games with Tom. If Edd was like Matt, then sure, the more the merrier right?

Edd chuckled, "Next time, anyway remember what I said okay? One slice and one hour." Matt nodded in understanding.

"I know and I said I'd try, goodnight love!" He waved slightly, the brunette waved back with a 'Goodnight Matt' and closed the door again.

Tom had kept quiet the entire time, the conversation was still kind of strange but he wasn't going to question it. Yet.

"Wanna continue?" He asked afterwards, smiling when Matt nodded eagerly and unpaused the game.

Tom knew Matt had a lot of energy and Tom was never much of a sleeper, but he hadn't expected the other to be as energetic at night. He didn't know exactly what time it was but it was definitely late, and yet the ginger didn't seem to tired at all! Amazing.

Matt was really enjoying playing with Tom, though he knew soon enough the eyeless man would fall asleep at any moment. His moves were turning sluggish and he was starting to doze off here and then but Matt didn't mind, humans needed their sleep after all. The ginger whined when his character suddenly died, again. "Aww! Not again!"

Tom laughed, rubbing his eyes, "I'll revieve you this time but you owe me." He teased and gave Matt's character a regenerative potion. He knew he was getting tired but he was enjoying himself, playing video games with Matt was fun. They should do it more often. Looking back to the screen, Tom decided to push on a little longer, not wanting to fall asleep just yet.

Matt grinned at him, "Thanks Tom!" He told him before looking determined to get back into the game.

Tom managed to stay awake and play for another hour, he went from sitting on the floor to laying on his stomach while playing but ultimately ended up falling asleep. His character stopped moving and ended up getting completely wiped out by an incoming projectile from a game enemy; he let out a tiny snore as he laid his face on his arm and the controller.

Matt was now officially the only person awake in the house, given how late it was and how quiet it seemed Tord and Edd should be asleep by now. He let out a small and quiet giggle, pausing the game and slowly took the controller from underneath Tom and switched it with one of the brunette's pillows instead so he could be more comfortable. He also draped a blanket over his sleeping form and hummed quietly as he turned back to the game with a thoughtful look. It was fun while it lasted but unfortunately most people and humans needed their sleep, and as much as he wanted to

continue playing the game it didn't seem to be as enjoyable by himself tonight.

So he saved their progress, turned off the game and put Tom on his bed. Being careful not to rouse his sleeping housemate, though he seemed to be in deep slumber thankfully, it would have been awkward and a problem if Tom suddenly woke up to see Matt's glowing red eyes; the game screen had been the only source of light inside Tom's room so when he turned it off he couldn't see a thing until he used his night vision, thus the red eyes.

"Goodnight Tom." Matt whispered before slipping out of Tom's room, shutting the door quietly with a satisfied hum. He'd certainly killed some time by playing video games with Tom.

He padded downstairs towards the living room, red eyes looking briefly at the tv before they passed over. He did promise to feed Ringo, she must be awfully famished now. Heading towards the kitchen, Matt was silent as he listened carefully for either Tom or Tord coming down, or at least Tord since Tom was deep asleep in his room. After five minutes, he moved to the corner of the kitchen.

The kitchen was a particular place, mostly Edd's domain as the cook of the house. It was plenty big, possibly more than half as big as the living room, a few meters from besides the fridge was open space, there was no rug or counter or any sort of other object for a fair area of the kitchen and there would never be anything occupying the space, at least not for long.

Why?

Matt smiled as he heard some mechanical shifting in the dark, the curtains were drawn close in the kitchen so no one would be able to look in through the locked windows. After taking his hand out of a certain space from the corner of the wall, he stepped *down*.

Moments later, Matt was cooing as he stepped into a room. "Ringo! Are you hungry? Don't worry, Matt's here to feed you tonight~!"

The inhuman ginger smiled at the musical purr that was his reply.

Ringo was such a darling really.

Edd has never seen Matt cry.

~~Pain. Horror. Matt's shriek of terror and agony. There's so much red coming from his shoulder where sharp knife-like teeth digs in messily. It scars.~~

"EDD"

Not once.

~~Red liquid flying everywhere. Matt's body colliding with his and oh so still. He's dead. He's dead and he wasn't killed by Edd. The thought pains him and makes him more upset.~~

"E-Edd..."

Not genuinely at least.

~~Too weak to do anything as **death** drew near. Baring bloody and insane fangs. Can't do anything but hold Mat- Matt's moving. He's alive, he's screaming as **death** comes closer to kill them both.~~

"DON'T TOUCH HIM"

The ginger could play the crybaby card well, but that's to be expected from him. They were so alike it was sickening most of the time... and yet, surprisingly ecstatic and intriguing other times, not that they'd ever admit it to each other.

~~The small ginger child jumps at the insane ma-monster, howling and roaring and baring fangs that sink into insanity. More red flings everywhere as Matt protects him- so weak, to be protected by the ginger brat of all people, except he's not a brat anymore, he's Edd's Savior.~~

"GAAAAAAGGHH"

The first time he'd seen Matt cry genuine tears, was when they were both nine years old. And by then, he himself had cried as well.

~~*He looks at him, tears dripping down his unnaturally red eyes and blood from his lips. He smiles. He's beautiful. He wants Matt to keep smiling at him, no more hate, no more annoyance. Just smile and whatever this strange feeling he-they're feeling together...*~~

Miss Toriel meets them both in an alley, crying and feeling genuinely for the first time. She takes them in, and not everything changes but there's still a lot big changes.

"Hey Edd?"

"Yes Matt?"

"I don't hate you anymore."

"Me too."

There is no hesitation whatsoever and Edd likes the new changes.

Edd's eyes flew open, breath hitching as the nigh-drea-memory was abruptly ended. He breathes lightly, inhaling in and exhaling out slowly to calm his nerves.

It's been a while. Since the last time he's remembered. And a very long while, since he experienced it.

Edd takes a few minutes before sitting up and stretched, smiling because-

Matt was waiting for him this morning, like always.

He loved him so much.

Tom wakes up by Tord pulling him out of bed. Which was weird because he was fairly sure he'd fallen asleep on the floor, which led to the conclusion of Matt tucking him in bed. The ginger man was just too nice sometimes, he

didn't even rifle through Tom's things while he was asleep! He found nothing out of place, only the video game had been touched and that was to turn it off.

"Thomas get up, don't tell me you forgot your meetings today?" Tom groaned, rubbing his eyes and glaring irritably at Tord who did not look phased one bit, "Come on, get up and get ready." After making sure Tom wasn't going back to sleep any time soon, Tord left his room so he could get ready himself.

Tom rolls his shoulders and huffs, muttering underneath his breath, "Stupid Tord, stupid meetings, stupid morning." Tom was *not* a morning person. Not one bit, with a tired and drawn out groan and stretch, he looked at the game set on the floor and smiled. Yeah, he'd have to play with Matt again sometime soon, that had been surprisingly fun.

Moments later, Tom was following Tord downstairs.

With Matt, well he spent the rest of his night in the living room after feeding Ringo. He'd gotten some pie, taking only one slice as promised, before settling down in the living room and watching tv. The hour of sleep wasn't necessary, it was only part of the lie that would make up his insomnia. Their past housemates had been a bit nosy or concerned with his sleeping schedule and insisted he sleep a few hours and such, some saw through his insomnia excuse and a few were quite unfortunate to investigate further and end up leaving in an... uncommon way.

Seeing Matt on the couch, Tom and Tord were both surprised and not. They learned that Matt was an early riser, always the first to be awake in the morning and Edd was usually the second one up, this morning though it looks like Edd was sleeping in since there was no one in the kitchen making breakfast. Which was a shame, Tord went into the kitchen to look for something to eat while Tom went over to the couch.

"Morning Matt." Tom greeted as he sat down, glancing between the ginger and the television. Did he even sleep? He remembered that the ginger didn't even look tired last night at all. "Thanks for last night, playing with me and getting me into bed."

Matt greeted back with a small but somewhat bright smile, "Morning Tom." The calm silence certainly subdued him and dulled his personality a bit, but he'd be back to his bright persona in no time. "And no problem, last night was fun. We should do it again sometimes." It almost surprises him on how veritable his words are, he did want to do it again, maybe not even at night to kill time again.

Tom smiled in return, "Sure, when we're both free and stuff, we'll play together again." After a few minutes he couldn't help but ask. "Did you sleep last night?" With how Edd and Matt were talking and how Matt didn't seem tired last night, he was starting to piece it together a bit but in the end decided to just outright ask.

He got a shrug as a first reply, "For a couple of hours, it's fine though. Edd and I got used to my insomnia a long time ago." He says quietly with a casual small smile, after hours of straight calm silence and boredom, getting back into his bright and happy personality was going to take a while, which could easily be explained if asked.

Ah, "Insomnia huh." Tom hummed, "Sounds lame." Especially for someone like Matt who seemed to be so active most of the time, hopefully the ginger would at least get some sleep which was better than no sleep at all.

Matt shrugged again, "You get used to it." Tom didn't prod further and for a few minutes it was silent again as they watched tv. Until Tord came out of the kitchen and dropped a few granola bars in Tom's lap.

"Hurry up, we don't have all day Thomas." Tord warned him before smiling at Matt, "Morning Matthew."

Matt blinked at the use of his full name, briefly overtaken by old memories. He shook his head and shoved them away and grinned at Tord, "Morning Tord! Where are you two going in such a hurry this morning?" Matt asked curiously, glancing at Tom who pocketed the bars but took out one to munch on. Hmm, not a preferable breakfast, maybe he should've made breakfast today? With Edd sleeping in this morning and all.

Tord watched Tom impatiently, a fed Tom was a less grumpy Tom and a less grumpy Tom was a proper Tom who could at least stand being sociable for business things. "We're going into town for a lunch meeting, Tom has new business opportunities but he's too much of a... Well, he just can't handle it on his own."

"Plus Tord has a motercfcl and ayf wanna look cool" Tom added over the rest of the bar.

"And that." Tord said with a playful eyeroll.

Tom hopped up and swallowed his food. "I'm going to grab my vest, then lets roll." He finger gunned at Tord then ran off.

"Whatever." Tord sighed.

"You have a motorcycle? That's so cool!" Matt cheered, "Well, good luck with your business stuff. I hope everything goes well!" Matt said, waving them both goodbye as Tom came back and they both left. Tord would show Matt and Edd his motorcycle when he got back but right now he had to get Tom to those meetings.

Just as the sound of a motorcycle leaving sounded, Edd was going down the stairs.

"Morning love." Edd greeted, smiling as Matt craned his head to give him a morning kiss.

Matt giggled, "Morning Edd. You just missed Tom and Tord, they left for some business meeting or something. Tord has a motorcycle, did you know that?" He asked curiously as Edd went to sit beside him, wrapping an arm around his waist.

He hummed, "Yes I knew Tord had a motorcycle, didn't I tell you? No? Sorry then, though it's a shame they left. Did you make them breakfast?"

"No, kind of forgot being honest. I promise to do it next time though when I get the chance."

Edd chuckled, kissing his cheek, "Alright, oh yeah, did you have fun last night? And what did you feed Ringo this time?"

Matt hummed, curling against Edd, "Yeah, it was fun while Tom was awake. When he fell asleep it was the same old, it was nice while it lasted though. You should really join us next time Edd, and I fed Ringo the last lung. I considered giving her one of the stomachs but the lung was getting old."

"Hmm, that's alright I suppose. Though we should probably restock a few organ for Ringo in a few days, with the last lung gone we should have a few stomachs, a fair amount of kidneys and two hearts left, right?"

"Mhmm, I checked. Though you forgot the brain."

"Ah, right, well we can feed Ringo the brain either tonight or tomorrow night."

Matt smiled, leaning into Edd.

"Sounds great."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter may contain gore, who knows, this is an Eddsworld fic involving murder, monsters, magic and more.

I'm glad to see that this fic's well-liked, it makes me happy :]

Edd Gold

Chapter Notes

Chapter 6! This chapter we, along with Tom and Tord, learn more of the psychopath that is Edd Gold.

I am not a professional about the human body, I did some research on it but not a total in-depth kind of research so I may be a bit inaccurate and not correct about stuff but I'm trying my best, plus this is a work of fiction so maybe a few things about the human body can be changed from reality- weak excuse I know but it's the best one I got.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Matt smiled, leaning into Edd.

"Sounds great."

It's been a solid month and a half since Tom Ridley and Tord Larsen moved into the house owned by the kind couple, Edd Gold and Matt Greaves.

A single, solid month and both Tom and Tord could say that living in the shared household was very much than their previous living circumstances with conviction.

Edd and Matt were too nice, they were too affectionate and really the most perfect couple that they've ever seen. Privately they felt a bit jealous for the two, they were just... *so happy*. Too happy sometimes that they thought they were faking it.

Though throughout the month, there were a few things that Tom and Tord were surprised to learn about their green-hoodie wearing brunette of a roommate, Edd Gold.

Edd was smart, really smart. And had a thorough knowledge about the human anatomy.

Tord, for once, wasn't working in his room. Instead, he'd brought down his notes to the kitchen and was muttering to himself as he looked over them.

His room was currently, *airing out*. So he *might've* made a minor mistake which led to his project blowing a fuse and pretty much filled his room with, thankfully, non-lethal smoke. It was nothing major, he just opened his window and wait for the smoke to completely disperse. In the mean time, that meant working somewhere else.

Matt and Tom were busy playing video games in Tom's room, of course they paused the game to check out why there was a small explosion and a stream of Norwegian curses coming from Tord's room. They laughed when they found out why, though that was after making sure Tord was alright and nothing was on fire or stuff.

Edd was thankfully, out getting some groceries so he wasn't around for his failure. Maybe he'd be a bit ticked off at Tord's little explosion but it wasn't like it wasn't inevitable, Edd knew what was coming when Tord informed the other of his job. As long as Tord was careful and didn't burn down their house or break a wall or even critically injure himself and anyone else in the house then the devil-haired man was alright.

Still, having an explosion in the house would probably be concerning for the brunette.

Anyway, Tord was reviewing his notes and trying to figure out what went wrong with his project- it was something that he was working on lately and would make his main project. He already had a few interested investors looking over his proposal, soon enough he'd be able to kick off his research and project.

"Hi Tord, I'm back." Tord nearly jolted out of his seat in surprise with Edd's sudden appearance, he only looked amused -nearly delighted even- by his reaction. The green-hooded man set down the grocery bags on the counter then looked back to him, "First off, why was your window open and second

off why are you in the kitchen?" He asked, looking intrigued by him and his notes.

Tord coughed, shrugging off his previous reaction and answered his housemate, "Welcome back Edd, the answer to your questions in order is that; one, I was tinkering and accidentally blew a fuse causing a small explosion. No need to worry, nothing is broken or on fire and no one was hurt, not even me I assure you. And second, I needed to air out my room so I'm working in the kitchen in the mean while, I hope you don't mind." He flashed him a smile knowing very well that the kitchen was Edd's main domain, he'd learned it early on when he and Tom moved in.

Edd snorted, looking briefly concerned but settling down when Tord told him nothing major happened and that no one was hurt. "Of course I don't mind, just be sure that everything's alright and that you don't mess with anything that you're not suppose to." Clearly he'd taken Tom's warning to heart and didn't trust him with any of the appliances aside from the microwave and the coffeemaker.

He nodded before focusing back on his notes, looking over the schematics while Edd began to sort and put away the groceries.

When he was done Tord was fully expecting Edd to go to the living room to watch tv, he didn't expect Edd to look over his shoulder and read his notes. It surprised him again when Edd suddenly spoke out of nowhere.

"So this was what Tom was saying about a prosthetic with fake nerve endings, you're working on cardiopulmonary engineering- no wait, this is the whole cardiovascular system- you're working on a prosthetic auto-biological venous and vascular system?" Edd questioned as he read through the notes, looking through the schematic.

Tord blinked, "Uh yeah. How did you know? I wrote most of this in Norwegian." He did, most of his writings were in Norwegian, and the notes he wrote in English were kind of here and there, sure giving some hints but nothing major. Did Edd know Norwegian?

Edd chuckled, "I couldn't read most of your notes but I do recognize these," He pointed to the pictures of the human vascular system, sketches of the said system along with the venous system on a few of Tord's notes and papers. "I'd know these systems anywhere. Plus I remembered Tom mentioning about the prosthetic with fake nerve endings and more, it wasn't hard to piece together considering you're a bioengineer. I'm impressed with the prosthetic 'heart' you have here," He motioned to the sketch of the literal heart of his project, Edd was a bit confused at the design of the heart and the technology Tord was making it from, "I mean, technologies aside, a heart is a heart. Though I think you've forgotten the respiratory system here Tord. How can the heart beat when the blood is suffocating?"

Tord was struck then with how true Edd's words were, *how the hell could he have forgotten the respiratory system?* No wonder his prototype system was having trouble functioning!

Edd continued to talk, describing the human systems with a sense of exact, precise knowledge- Tord had to look up a few things just to make sure that Edd was actually correct, the brunette wasn't offended and actually helped, giving him sites he liked to visit in his free time that had accurate facts and information. And then Edd went on and rambled on how handle organs with a familiar look, a look that Tord had dubbed as a 'Doctor's' look.

This was how Tord found out that Edd had a phenomenal amount of medical, biological knowledge, practically enough to get a medical doctorate degree! And telling by how he described on handling organs, it actually seemed that he had actually done surgery on a human before- which was bizarre since he was sure that Edd didn't have a medical doctorate or had any degree that involved biology. At least not to his knowledge. Maybe he was a medical student?

"Edd, how in the hell do you know all this." Tord couldn't help but question after listening to the almost morbid yet most fascinating lecture on how to properly cut out the human heart he's ever heard. To anyone else they would have been disturbed but Tord was interested, educated and even wanted to know more.

Edd blinked, seemingly freezing for a moment before giving Tord a simple smile, "I'm really interested with biology and medicine, I *was* thinking of studying to becoming an official doctor but in the end I decided not to. It didn't mean I stopped learning about the human body though, I still read and study in my free time but I'm not planning to be n actual doctor any time soon."

Did that mean that Edd dropped out of medical school? Tord frowned, that seemed like a waste of potential. "But you could easily become a one with your knowledge. Why didn't you?" His reply was an uncaring shrug.

"I just, didn't want to be one anymore. Even with my knowledge also I've helped out a few people so I do have some experience, but even then I'm content as I am. I like my job and I like staying at home with Matt." Tord wanted to protest but the soft lovestruck smile on Edd's face made him bite his tongue, as much as a waste it seemed to the bioengineer, Edd really did look happy with his life right now.

Oh well, it wasn't much his business anyway. Even though to him it kind of a waste that Edd wasn't putting his extensive medical knowledge to practical and actual use. Course, Tord had no idea that Edd, in fact *did* put his knowledge into 'practical' and 'actual' use, only for the *opposite* of what a doctor should be - he wasn't usually saving lives, he and Matt were ending them and most of the time it wasn't even a peaceful end.

At any rate though, Tord didn't realize he'd spent the rest of his day discussing and talking with Edd about medical things until the brunette had to make dinner, asking Tord to clear his notes from the table so they could use the table for dinner.

Well, it was a nice thing to learn that one of his housemates could possibly match his intellect, he definitely had to talk with Edd more- he made a great conversationalist.

And if Tord was the tiniest bit captivated by how adorable Edd was when he was rambling on, well Tord kept that to himself.

Edd was just glad Tord didn't dig into more of it and that he had a new person to talk about anatomy to. Plus talking with Tord was pleasant and he often found himself smiling always afterwards, which was strange but nice. When was the last someone who managed to make him smile without realizing aside from Matt?

Edd was quite buff.

Tom had to admit, living with Edd and Matt was great. Matt was his new video game buddy and they were quick friends, his narcissism, energetic personality and enthusiasm aside, the ginger was quickly growing on him like some mold -extremely friendly mold- and Edd was a kind almost mothering housemate that liked to keep them all well fed, healthy and happy.

It surprised him though when he found out how smart Edd was, walking in to Edd and Tord debating about something he didn't really understand- something about blood pumping? He didn't know, but at least Tord had someone else to babble smartly to.

At any rate, this was definitely one of the better housings they've ever lived in.

One morning though, Tom was suddenly hit with an epiphany- or well, a realization. Mostly about so far, he has never seen Matt or Edd without their signature hoodies before, why was he hit with that realization?

Because Edd was in the kitchen making breakfast, wearing his normal pink apron -which was very normal whenever Edd was cooking in the kitchen, it was adorable and apparently Matt made it for Edd- and a white shirt that said 'SMEG HEAD' underneath, his green hoodie nowhere in sight. Edd's hoodie was large, and baggy, because underneath that hoodie apparently was some muscles that the shirt was nicely showing.

He wasn't as muscularly define as Tord, who was goddamn buff as *fuck* and Tom was privately smug he was hitting that, but he still had muscle, like he still had some fat and soft look at some angles but it suited Edd. Tom could

appreciate those arms of his though, he was actually kind of glad for his lack of eyes since it'd be obvious on how his gaze was roaming over Edd's figure, especially below the belt.

"Morning Eddy~!" Matt chimed as he pounced on his boyfriend, lovingly kissing the other's cheek, of course Edd returned it with a kiss of his own after greeting him. Tom was kind of a little jealous with the private thought of 'why couldn't he and Tord's relationship have a bit more affection like Matt's and Edd's?' "Where's your hoodie?" Matt asked curiously, appreciatively looking over his lover's muscles.

Edd hummed, putting down the plate of food on the table and tugging on his white shirt lightly, "All my hoodies are dirty, guess it's time I do some laundry." He replied.

"Damn Edd, nice muscles." Tom jolted as he heard Tord behind him, the red-hoodied man himself was semi-subtly eyeing Edd with a look and Tom couldn't blame him since just a moment ago he was doing the same. It was almost unfair that their housemates were good-looking.

Edd grinned, rubbing his neck in an almost self-conscious way, "Thanks? I like to stay in shape, I go to the gym sometimes whenever I have the chance or something." He shrugged, taking off his apron -strangely enough the slightly frilly and adorably pink apron didn't deduct the attractiveness of Edd's obvious masculinity if anything it kind of added to it a little- and sitting down to eat breakfast.

Breakfast didn't really change much aside from the fact Tom, Tord and even Matt, kept glancing towards Edd more. Yeah, Matt wasn't unaffected either and he was Edd's boyfriend so that was a given.

The knowledge of Edd's muscles didn't really change anything aside from it coming to mind a lot along with both Tom and Tord hanging out with Edd more often. Tom began to invite him more to his and Matt's video game sessions. Tord eventually would think on asking on Edd's gym schedule and ask him if he wanted to go to the gym, you know, to work out together.

Edd and Matt were none the wiser and just thought that it was nice that they and their housemates were getting along, it made things so much more pleasant and easier.

Edd was a dork. A pun loving dork.

So not only was Edd smart, buff, an amazing cook and a kind man, he was also undeniably a pun loving dork.

Whenever the opportunity came, Edd would not hesitate to use a pun or make a joke and end up grinning dorkily like the dork he was and it was adorable.

"Eddy? Have you seen my knitting needles?" Matt called as he went down the stairs, all three of his housemates lounging in the living room watching tv. "I seem to have misplaced them along with some of my yarn!"

"No *purling*, I have *knot* seen your knitting needles. Did you loose them again? Oh well, *knit* happens." Edd replies, a grin on his face as he held up a ball of purple yarn that had a large knot tied on top of it, "But I do have a ball of yarn here, do you *needle* it now?"

It takes a moment for them to get it, Matt is groaning into his hand while Tord and Tom snorted as Edd breaks out into laughter at his own stupid puns. Matt stomps over, swiping the ball of yarn from Edd's hand, "Stop laughing you dork, they weren't funny at all."

Edd grins widely at him, "No, they were hilarious. I was in *stitches*, practically *falling at the seams* Matty." He tries to say with exaggeration but ends up laughing again. Tom snorts again, giving a small snicker because wow that was stupid, cliché and he couldn't help it. Tord is just rolling his eyes but his lips were twitching upwards as Edd was on the edge of the couch.

Matt sighs, "God you're such a dork." Tugging Edd over to kiss his forehead he continues, "But I love you so you're my dork." Edd's smile is

bright, wide and loving as Matt goes back upstairs to look for his knitting needles. And to escape before Edd tried to do anymore puns.

It's all too cute but they've both gotten used to Edd and Matt's sugary sweet relationship.

Edd was a mother hen. An admittedly intimidating mother hen.

This one wasn't much of a surprise, Edd always seemed like a kind and caring person, Tom joked about him being the mother hen of the house, the veracity to that didn't really come out until Tord made a blunder -not that he'd willingly admit it and it wasn't all *his* fault, Tom broke his concentration thus causing the whole thing- and not only managed to get *himself* hurt but *Tom* as well.

It had been a complete accident, Tord was working all of his attention on some metal, *hot* metal that needed to be shaped into a certain way, and Tom was in a semi-pissy pestering mood and was bothering him -Matt was out doing his hobby job as a make up artist so he didn't have the ginger to distract him and Edd was holed up in his room- like the spoilt child Tord mostly viewed him as. Add those together and trouble was bound to happen.

Their combined shouts of pain and cursing of course lured Edd into Tord's room quickly, the brunette had been drawing in his room when it happened and dashed over the moment he heard the loud pained sounds.

"*Gud, jævla, damn det Thomas!*" Tord snapped, his already thin patience had snapped the moment the pain kicked in. He clutched his slightly burnt but bleeding forearm, it had gotten past his gloves and he hadn't been wearing any long sleeved clothing. Tom was with a similar wound on his hand, though Tord's was a little bigger since he had been the closest and holding the damned piece of sharp and hot metal. Slipping into his first language, he ranted at his eyeless sort-of-friend and lover, "*Jeg fortsetter å fortelle deg at du ikke forstyrrer meg når jeg jobber!*"

Tom just gave him a pained hiss and returned the glare of fury, stubbornly keeping quiet and unwilling to admit he had been part of why they both got hurt. That and he was holding back the unshed tears that were mostly caused by the pain on his hand but some from the harsh scolding that Tord was giving him.

Edd barged in, looking alarmed, "What's going, what happened?!" He demanded only to glance between Tom, Tord, and the sharp, steaming and slightly bloody metal project -not Tord's main project thankfully but it was something he had his full attention to work on for the day- that was sent on the floor.

Tord muttered something in Norwegian before switching back to English, "Small accident caused by Thomas, don't worry we'll be fine." He told Edd, giving Tom a withering look that he ignored but he visibly bristled. "It's nothing we can't handle, I should have a first aid kit somewhere so-" He made to move but was surprised when Edd suddenly appeared in front of him with a stern stare.

"Oh no you don't, both of you on the bed right this instant." He pointed to the bed, looking at them both.

They both began to protest but shut up at the hard and intense look the brunette gave them, "Where's your first aid kit?" Tord motioned to the kit that was on a nearby shelf, just in case he injured himself while working, "Both of will you sit down, wait and let me look over you two." When they were about to protest again, Edd shot them another intense and stern look that caused them to feel oddly rebuked as the green-hooded man quickly took the first aid kit and opened it, quickly scanning through its contents before nodding and turning to them.

He looked them over, first observing Tord's wound and then Tom's. "You both need stitches, Tord much more than Tom." Edd muttered as he finished examining them. Tord gave Tom a heated glance but was surprised when Edd pinched his non-hurt hand, "Pay attention, and no looks. I have no idea what happened but now is not the time for that." When Tom snickered lowly at Edd's scold, he was quick to receive one as well, "Don't think

you're not out of this Tom, now hold still, I'll be giving you both ibuprofen to numb the pain, clean your wounds then stitch and patch you guys up."

Tord was lucky his first aid kit had everything Edd needed, and even then Edd would have gotten one of the much better first aid kist that was stashed in Matt's room.

He worked diligently, quickly and efficiently, pretty much supporting Tord's private thoughts on how Edd was wasting his potential with how fast and professionally he worked on both Tom and him. Though as he finished stitching them both, Edd muttered something along the lines of 'Not better than Matt's but it'll do', did that mean Matt knew how to medically stitch someone up?

"Thanks Edd." Tom said, looking at his bandaged hand. He'd cringe the entire time Edd had stitched his hand, he never liked needles but the brunette had been encouraging and comforting, making sure to work as quick and painless for him as possible and Tom strangely felt pleased with that, must be the pain killers.

Tord hummed, looking at his bandaged forearm, feeling the stitches, truly professional work- he'd done this plenty of times it seems. "Thank you Edd."

Edd nodded, looking satisfied now that his two housemates were properly patched up and was cleaning up, packing away the first aid kit and putting it back on the shelf. "Now, mind telling me what happened?" He asked, turning back to them with an expectant look while crossing his arms with his eyebrow raised, resembling all too much like a mother who was waiting for her children to confess whatever wrong they had done without her supervision.

The rebuked, admonishing feeling came back for the two which was weird since they were goddamn *grown men* but right now under Edd's stern stare, they felt like naughty children.

Quite the mother, Edd was.

They were even unconsciously shrinking and slumping like two kids who'd been caught in the act of something bad. They hadn't felt like this since they *were* kids, only with one of Tord's dads who was capable of exactly what Edd was doing. When Tord realized this he coughed awkwardly and straightened, trying to feel mature again and explained what happened to Edd- and entirely blaming it on Tom.

Tom heavily protested, stubbornly going against Tord even though he knew he was partially right but it really had been mostly an accident! It wasn't like he *wanted* to injure him and Tord on purpose! It almost looked like that Tord and Tom were going have one of their more verbal fights, which had strangely lessened over their stay within the household and even then they usually had it when Edd and Matt weren't around.

Of course Edd was having none of it, he strictly interrupted between them both. Giving them a scolding rant that really reinforced his image as a mother hen, an intimidating and mediating mother hen because once he was done ranting he managed to make them see their eye to eye and apologize to each other with some reluctance. After that, Edd had instantly calmed down and was back to the normal Edd they knew him as for the past month and informed them that he'd start to make dinner soon, the quick change of mood had boggled them as he left.

"Hey Tord."

"Yeah Tom?"

"You know how I was joking on how Edd was a mother hen? Guess it's not much of a joke now huh."

"No, not really. If that was him being a mother hen then I wary to know how he is when truly furious."

They could only imagine and the thought sent an uncomfortable chill down their spine that they hesitantly shrugged off.

"Oh yeah Tord?"

"Yes Tom?"

"You're still a bastard you know that."

Tom cracked a grin when all he got in reply was a pillow to the face. Well, at least they hadn't descended into an all out verbal fight again, and in front of Edd no-less. That would've been awkward to say the least, but it was somewhat astonishing at how Edd dissolved the situation and made them reconcile without much effort. Commendable really. And as intimidating Edd was, they kept the fact he had looked quite attractive annoyed to themselves.

"And they just blamed each other! I mean really, they were both at fault as far as I saw it." Edd complained as he cleaved the lung in half, "Honestly, those two may be good housemates but their relationship with each other is so complicated, doesn't really make sense." Setting aside the cleaver on his tool rack, he nudged the pieces of the lung into the container. With that done, he took off his surgical gloves and threw them away, he also took off his medical apron and washed his hands. Hygiene was important, even to a psychopath like him.

Matt hummed from his place on one of the lounges they had down there, listening to Edd from his personal work room that had the door open so he could hear him. It was late at night and Edd was wide awake. "Kind of, with how Tom and Tord are, it is kind of surprising on how they're together with how much they clash. But I can see they do care for each other." The ginger replied, idly sewing to a piece of cloth. "Though what I do wonder is why you helped them out, Tord could have patched himself and Tom easily, he's probably done it before." He pointed out, glancing at his love who came out of the room with the container containing the halved lung and some other bits of viscera in it.

Edd paused, why *had* he done that? He didn't usually do that, care for other housemates, he was usually polite and feigned kindness for the sake of keeping Matt and himself in a good light. No one really expected the nice guys to be murderers after all. And even then, he didn't usually reveal his medical skills and knowledge but Tord managed to get him to reveal those

and was now becoming his regular conversation partner pertaining such things.

Puns, those were the rare somethings he did genuinely enjoy so that wasn't a surprise but the pleasant satisfaction that came when Tord and Tom snorted at his joke was strange and yet just as satisfying as Matt's exasperated sighs and rare laughs at his jokes.

"Eddy?" He was snapped out of his thoughts by Matt, who looked at him curiously.

Shaking his head, he shrugged, "I don't know, maybe because they're great housemates. Certainly better than the past ones so I guess I thought I felt like helping." He finally replied, going over to Ringo's tank, smiling at her. "Num-num time Ringo~" He cooed, tilted the container into the tank, its contents falling into the tank with a light splash. Edd was satisfied at the sound of faint meat being ripped apart by sharp teeth and the unnatural-sounding purr that came with it.

Matt giggled, scooting over as Edd walked over to him, sitting in the free space and wrapping his arms around the other, leaning in close and laying his chin on the ginger's shoulder as he worked his thread into the cloth. "An entire month down, so far everything's good." He mumbled, nuzzling his inhuman boyfriend.

"Mhmm, and I suppose I can understand why you helped. They're really nice housemates to live with despite everything, Tom's a nice game buddy, sure he drinks a few times but at least not all the time." Matt grinned, "He and Tord aren't that bad to look at either. Quite the eye catchers actually~" He wiggled his eyebrows semi-jokingly and suggestively, he'd be lying if he didn't find both men handsome and attractive, they obviously weren't up to par to himself and his Edd but they were there and Matt certainly didn't mind them being there.

Edd snorted, lightly pinching his cheek, "Quiet."

Matt tossed the cloth and needle to the table, shifting to straddle Edd with a coy smile, leaning close. "You love me."

He breathed lightly as the ginger brushed their lips together, he briefly wondered if they really should be doing this tonight before brushing it aside, it had been a while and even Edd was in the mood now. "I do." He really did and boy was he going to remind Matt about it tonight, he was thankful he'd made their little personal base soundproof. Because above them, a completely oblivious, unknowing and sleepy Tom was getting a midnight snack from the kitchen before heading back up to his room with a yawn.

It really *really* paid well to be a Harvester.

Chapter End Notes

Woof.

And that's the chapter folks! Hope you enjoyed, now if it wasn't clear, Edd and Matt have a secret base. Cool right?

Also to those curious about Ringo, well, let's just say she'd no ordinary cat! ;3

Translations:

[God fucking dammit Thomas]

[I keep fucking telling you not to disturb me while I work]

Tord Larsen

Chapter Notes

Today, we learn more about Tord :D

Also, didn't really expect the long wait for this chapter. Sorry, it kind of kicked my ass as I tried to make it but it would refuse to work with me, but thankfully I managed to get it, not only that but I also managed to work on a few other chapters of my stories lately so it's not much of a loss!

Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It really really paid well to be a Harvester.

Two months, it's been two months since Edd Gold and Matt Greaves welcomed both Tom Ridley and Tord Larsen into their house. They were certainly a quirky couple, or at least, they suspected them to be a couple despite their actions and arguments.

It had been a nice two months, Edd and Matt were certainly warming up to their housemates. They had their ups and downs.

Not to mention the interesting tidbits they've learned about the devil-haired roommate, Tord Larsen.

Tord had extensive knowledge over weapons

Edd hummed as he did the dishes, another successful meal was created by him and consumed by the three other residences of the house. Smiling, he was already contemplating on what to make for dinner. He really liked

cooking, and baking, it was a nice hobby to have, especially since it paid well for everyone. He got to relax while creating food and feed the hungry stomachs of the house.

Knock knock knock

"Can someone get the door?" Edd called out, still quite busy, elbow-deep in soapy suds of the kitchen sink, cleaning the dishes.

He heard Tom call back, "I got it!" Edd called back his thanks before quickly finishing the rest of the dishes, draining the sink and letting the newly cleaned porcelain dry off on the dish rack. He wiped his hands dry with a hand towel and curiously went over to the doorway, peeking his head out, wondering who or what was at the door. Tord and Matt were hanging out in the living room, watching tv after a satisfying meal.

"Who was it?"

Tom shut the door, holding a dark brown package box in his hands, "Mailman, it's a package." Tom squinted at it, reading the printing on the paper taped to it then rolled his non-existent eyes, "Tord, it's yours." He said, wandering over to the couch and dropping the box on Tord's lap.

The red-hoodied man grunted, looking annoyed at the sudden package being dropped on his lap before his eyes lit up in excitement, "Oh hey, thanks Thomas." He grinned, letting Tom's action slide as he opened the brown box. Naturally both curious, Edd and Matt came a bit closer him to see what was in the package. "Fuck yes!" Tord cheered, both Matt and Edd's eyes widened at the carefully disassembled pistol inside that was held still by black shaped foam.

"Erm, is that a gun? A real one?" Matt asked, semi-wary but intrigued. Guns weren't his or Edd's thing, but Matt could certainly use it if needed to, if Matt was right, then that was a beretta, a 9mm one.

Tord nodded, grinning widely as he set the box on the table and took the out the parts one by one, carefully observing and looking them over, "A nine milimeter semi-automatic beretta to be exact, and yes, it's real and yes I do

have the gun permit for it." He said with a cheerful tone as he set the parts down and unintentionally confirmed Matt's private thoughts.

Tom snorted as he leaned against the couch, "Tordle's a gun fanatic, name a gun and he knows it. when it was create, how many bullets it can fire, etc, etc." He said, grinning cheekily at the look he received from Tord. Tord hated the nickname Tom used.

Edd pursed his lips, he wasn't much for guns, he rarely used them and even then, he kind of preferred a shotgun to a pistol any day. He was a better aim with a shotgun than a pistol, Matt was better at those than him and had a bit more knowledge. Tord glanced over to him and smiled reassuringly at him, "Don't worry, I don't think I'll use this unless it's an emergency or at a firing range- which I found one that's relatively close thankfully- I promise." He told him, trying to alleviate any fears the brunette might have.

"Well, if you're sure... Just don't go firing it in the house or at people alright? Unless you have to of course." Edd conceded, though he wasn't really worried. Not much anyway, as far as he could tell Tord was a good person, he and Tom were both good people, not like them. He doubted they could kill a person unless it was accidental and in self-defense. They weren't murderers like him and Matt, ones who would kill without remorse whatsoever.

Tord nodded, Tom was right, he was certainly a fan of guns. And having a real one was a great thing, though he knew he wouldn't really use it unless at a firing range or for extreme emergencies like burglars or serial killers breaking into the house. He'd only use the beretta in those circumstances, to protect Tom -well, he supposes that he'd protect Edd and Matt as well.

They were too nice and kind to die from burglars and murderers after all.

Ironical for him to think that, since technically he and Tom were *already* living with serial killers, who were Edd and Matt, the very same people Tord thought were 'too nice and kind'.

When it came to it, could Tord point the beretta at Edd and Matt?

And then, could he even pull the trigger?

...

Tord was actually really sweet. Sometimes.

The relationship between Tom and Tord was somewhat confusing sometimes, one point they'd be ignoring each other, another they'd be pestering one or the other, and another they'd be arguing- thankfully it hadn't really escalated to *extreme* arguments, but Edd was still kind of worried.

But then there'd be some subtle moments, where they'd be at peace and almost loving towards each other. These moments were something that he and Matt marveled at times, observing from afar as Tom leaned against Tord, draping himself over half the couch with Tord's arm draped on the back of the couch but his hand was subtly brushing against Tom's shoulder.

For such a simple thing, it felt strangely intimate. The first time it happened, Matt was almost ashamed when he accidentally disrupted the moment when he sneezed, alerting them both of his presence. Tom had jolted upwards and went to sit upright and Tord coughed, tucking his arm into his hoodie's pocket, seemed like he and Tom were uncomfortable with showing affection with other people.

Slowly though, much to the strange delight of Matt and Edd, seeing them both relax and get used to them was nice. Usually they didn't really care, there were a few other housemates that were just fine but with Tom and Tord, it seemed a bit different compared to the others.

One night though, as Matt and Edd came back from another satisfying day at work, they came home to a surprising sight;

Tord, shirtless and wearing nothing but a loose pair of sweat pants, a few hickeys littered on his shoulders and collarbone, hair mussed up and a satisfied but soft smile on his face. In his hands was a plate of cookies, ones Edd had baked before he and Matt left for Slice and Sew, and a glass of

cold water. The devil-haired man was just exiting the kitchen when they caught him, he froze a bit but gave them a casual grin, seemingly unaffected by the fact he was half-naked in front of them.

Edd's face heated up, flushing bright at the unexpected sight of his half-naked housemate and pointedly looked away, but he couldn't help but glance back at him frequently, Tord had one *hot* body- and Matt was unashamedly staring with interest, ignoring his blush and eyes trailing up and down the Norwegian's muscles. *Very hot.*

Also, point of interest; both men knew Tord had freckles like Matt, it wasn't really noticeable unless you were close to him but they were there on his face, lightly dusting it- and apparently just like Matt's own freckles which were more obvious since he was ginger, Tord also had freckles dusting parts of the rest of his body, like his muscled shoulders. Edd felt his throat dry and his face heat up, did he have something for people with freckles?

"Welcome home you two," Tord said, conversing with them as if everything was normal, "Hope you don't mind Edd but Tom and I will be enjoying the last of your cookies in my room." He jostled the plate of cookies slightly to make his point, grinning widely as he was very amused and a little surprised by their reaction to his person.

He didn't really expect the unashamed interested stare Matt gave him, but the way Edd was blushing and acting was kind of funny.

"N-No problem, uh, have a nice night?" Edd cleared his throat, trying to beat down his flush, his housemates were attractive, very attractive but that didn't mean anything. Besides, they were both taken and *-god dammit Matt stop staring, this was their housemate for god's sake!*

Matt smiled brightly, "Aw, that's sweet, bringing Tom cookies and water. What a gentleman! Well, actually that should be expected, Tom probably can't walk straight so he couldn't get them himself," He said with a slight coo, grinning at the flush that crept up Tord's neck, that and the deepening blush on Edd's face, the ginger walked over and took a cookie off the plate, "Good job Tord, have a nice night!" He cheered, winking at Tord as he bit into the cookie before going back to Edd to drag him to the couch.

Tord coughed, his features smoothing but the blush still present as he climbed up the stairs, it only deepened at Matt's not-so-quiet exclamation of, "I *told* you Eddy! Seems like Tord's a softie at heart after all!" He stayed back a few seconds to hear Matt's second sentence of, "And by *gosh*, if Tord looks like *that* right now I can only imagine Tom!" The faint 'thwack' and yelp amused him as well as Edd's indignant and embarrassed, "*Matt!*"

Tord shook his head, though internally he preened at Matt's words, about the one implying he and Tom were attractive- not the one about him being soft, he wasn't *soft*, he was just, doing Tom a favor. Matt was right, Tom couldn't get the cookies himself due to *certain* circumstances.

Which reminded him...

Tord entered his room, smiling as Tom cheered at the sight of him, or probably at the sight of the cookies- probably both, either way, Tom was much happier as Tord gave him the plate, sitting on the bed as his lover munched on Edd's cookies. Which were, as usual with Edd's cooking and baking, delicious.

He felt extreme satisfaction at the littered hickies he gave Tom in payback for the ones he gave him, Matt was definitely right- though he had to wonder a bit on the implications of Matt and Edd's relationship if *Matt* was the one who wasn't embarrassed at the sight of a half-naked housemate. He saved those, salacious thoughts for later as Tom dragged him back into bed for some after-snack-and-sex cuddling.

"Edd and Matt are back." Tord told him, when Tom froze he laughed and continued, "They *just* came back Tom, they didn't hear us- though Matt certainly seemed interested in our activities beforehand even if he didn't say, saucy even. Edd on the other hand was quite abashed." Tom snorted, if he had eyes, he'd definitely roll them.

"Matt? The ginger sunshine child? You're joking." In all the time he'd spent with Matt, the ginger man was an absolute delightful ray of rainbows and sugar- a gluttonous one but a delightful ray nonetheless. If anything, he'd thought *Edd* would be the one to be 'saucy' as Tord put it, when he told Tord that he laughed again.

"You'd think so but no, Edd was completely red in the face while Matt seemed almost unaffected, I say almost because he was blushing as well but he wasn't embarrassed at all." Tord hummed then frowned a bit as he remembered another thing, "He called me a gentleman and a softie as well when he saw me carry the plate and glass up to you." His frown deepened when Tom snickered at him, he attempted to ignore the blush that came again as Tom declared to him.

"That's because you *are* a fucking softie Tordle, I don't know about the gentleman part but the softie part is definitely true." The pillow to the face didn't deter the naked eyeless man's snickers at all, in fact, the action as well as the sight of Tord's fuming and slowly coloring face just added to his laughter.

"I'm so going to kick you out."

Tom grinned cheekily at him, "No you won't." Privately though, he still didn't really believe Tord's words about Matt. The ginger was just so childish and innocent, so cheery and bright most of the time that thinking of him *that* way was... not improbable but, different. Matt was certainly attractive and- what the fuck was he even thinking about. Bah.

Downstairs, Matt was smirking up to a very flustered Edd.

"*Matthew*, we are in the *living room*."

"*I know~*"

Ziip.

"*Matt!*"

Tord was stubborn and dedicated. A little too much sometimes.

If there was a trait that Edd both respected and didn't like was how dedicated and stubborn Tord was.

Oh he initially had nothing against the dedication that Tord showed, the stubbornness was a trait all four of them could share- it was admiring on how Tord dedicated himself to his work, to Tom, hell even to *him* and *Matt* sometimes whenever they asked him a favor or asked him to do something.

But the reason he didn't like that trait.... was how utterly *stubborn* Tord was to the point of *overexerting* himself in that *dedication*.

Like now for instance.

For the past few days, Tord had focused his attention *entirely* towards his work, saying he was both stuck *and* on the breakthrough on one of his projects. He barely came out of his room, which he even *locked* to keep them out while he worked, causing the eyeless man annoyance and hidden worry -even though he was kind of used to it, he still worried whenever Tord did that- and came out for the occasional bathroom break or briefly to eat, then after that it was straight back to work.

Edd usually found his stubbornness and dedication something to admire and respect, but the blatant *disregard* of his own wellbeing- it had already been established that he was a mother hen and *enough was enough*.

Thankfully though, Tord had finished his project and had crashed on the living room couch after consuming whatever edible food he could eat from the kitchen, feeling too tired to make it back to his room and unto his bed.

The green-hooded man sighed in relief at the fact and was content to let Tord just rest and sleep on the couch for a while as Edd cleaned up the kitchen and prepared to make dinner- He'd come down to make it and found Tord consuming the last of his poundcake, drink a bottle of his cola -he let it slide this one time since Tord was clearly exhausted- then went into the living room to crash on the couch, slurring out a greeting to Edd as he did so.

"Hey Eddy!" Matt chirped as he entered the kitchen, giving his boyfriend a kiss.

Edd smiled, "Hey Matt."

"Has Tord left his room today? I would've knocked but I didn't want to disturb him." Matt asked, Edd rose a brow before motioning to look into the living room, "Oh! Hehe, I didn't notice him there, sorry."

The ginger went out to the living room with a smile, "Hey Tord! I wanted to ask you... to..." Matt trailed off, frowning as he sees the disheveled state Tord was in, wincing when Tord jolted out of his daze idly rubbing the bags under his eyes. Whoops. "Or, nevermind." He could always ask later when Tord didn't seem so exhausted. Seriously, his hair was a mess, there was some oil stains on both his hands and over his shirt- when was the last time Tord had taken care of his personal hygiene?

Tord yawned, shaking his head, "Wha? Matthew? No no no, it's fine- what did you need?" He asked, wanting to know what Matt was about to ask him, "'M fine, just, give me a moment-" He let out another wide yawn, "What wasit you need Matt?"

Matt shook his head, "It's fine! You should get some rest, I can ask later." He reassured him. The man clearly needed it.

The tired but obstinate Norwegian shook his head for a second time, "No, 's fine, I can- I can do uh, what did you need?" He pressed on, by then, Tom had gone downstairs, knowing it was almost time for Edd's dinner only to blink as he sees Matt as well as Tord.

Tom, being the blunt person he was, blurted out, "Damn Tord, you look like shit." Tord grimaced but couldn't really hold it, "I think you should go sleep or something, you really look like shit right now."

"I'm okay, Matt was just, a-asking something."

Tom glanced at Matt who shook his head, "Like I said Tord, it's okay, you should really get some rest, sleep and stuff." Matt replied, agreeing with Tom.

Of course, Tord refused again, wanting to do whatever Matt was about to ask him to do, so Matt took to drastic measures. He motioned Tom to nudge aside a bit and inhaled, "*Eddy! Tord's being stubborn and doesn't want to*

rest even though he's really really tired!" Tom almost choked on his snort as a loud *CLANG* came from the kitchen along with the sound of Edd's voice.

"What?!"

Ah yes, mother hen Edd had fully appeared at the kitchen doorway, complete with pink frilly apron and a matching set of white oven mitts. They were suppose to have pot pie tonight. Tom snickered at the bewildered look on Tord's face as Edd stomped towards him, "You stubborn motherfucker." Edd grounded towards Tord, "*You* are going back to your room and you are going to *sleep* dammit."

The other tried to protest but Edd was not having it, "Yes, you are going upstairs even if I have to take you upstairs! In fact-" Tord yelped -he would deny it though later on- as Edd, *scooped him up*, carrying him bridal style. To the side, Matt was smiling widely and Tom had burst with laughter, leaning on the ginger for support. "I'm taking you to your bedroom and you are going to *sleep*." Edd told him with a faux-sugary sweet smile and tone that had Tord gulping slightly.

"O-Oh my god Edd can c-carry you!" Tom laughed, surprised, impressed but mostly delighted at the funny scene before him.

"Edd I can walk myself!"

"No, you're tired as fuck and you're going to bed."

"Dammit Edd release me!"

"Stop being so stubborn Tord!"

Eventually Edd managed to get Tord into his room, strictly telling the worn out Norwegian to sleep *or else*. Without much of a choice, and actually slightly relieved, Tord did as he said and slept much, making Edd pleased. The brunette wiped away some of the sweat on his forehead, Tord was not easy to carry, he wasn't light and he didn't stay still at the start but Edd managed.

He'd lifted some heavier stuff before but it wasn't a constant thing so Edd came down with some sore arms but was satisfied from what he'd done. Tom congratulated him for both getting Tord to bed as well as the delicious pot pie, Matt as well, rewarding the green-hooded man with a kiss that Edd gratefully accepted with no problem.

The next day had Tord suffering underneath Tom's teasing at the fact Edd had to carry him 'like a goddamn princess' to his room. Tord huffed but *was* impressed at how Edd could carry him with little problem, he did thank Edd later on and they negotiated on how Edd would never do that again as long as Tord didn't overexert and overwork himself like that again.

Also, Matt had wanted Tord to fix his hair-dryer, which he had easily did.

Tord was a closet romantic.

Something that had been a bit surprising to learn was the apparent fact that Tord liked romance.

Like the sappy, almost cliché romance that you'd see in most romance novels, movies and the like. It was, surprising, considering the man while he liked romance, he was adamant in hiding the fact he liked it. Which was weird since he liked 'hentai' which was considerably an offshoot, sexual, etc. of romance and was not afraid to admit it but with soft-hearted romance? He would heatedly deny it.

The only reason Edd and Matt found out as during movie night, a night where the four of them came together, hung out and watched a movie that one of them picked.

That night was Matt's pick, he'd picked a deliriously romantic movie, it was horror-romance that actually focused more on the romance than it did on the horror much to Matt's hidden disappointment. Though he did like it, he just secretly wished there had been more horror moments, scenes and just, *generally more* to the horror part of the movie. At least the romance part was nice.

Tord though, had been *enthralled*.

He'd been watching the romantic scenes with an almost serious concentration, making a few snips of talk about the scenes saying 'No Jenny don't go for the shitstain, go for Walter, he's obviously a better match for you' when the heroine thought between two romantic rivals.

Edd, Matt and Tom were watching both the movie and Tord with amusement and surprise, the surprise -of course- applied to Matt and Edd. Tom on the other hand was *entertained*, more so of Tord than the movie itself.

When it was over, Tord blinked at the stares he got from Matt and Edd, "What?" He asked, feeling a bit self-conscious, that was until something akin to horror crept along his insides as he realized why they were staring.

"Tord," Matt started, eyes glinting in mirth as he stared at the usually hardy but laid back Norwegian, "Do you like romance movies?" He continued, a small mischievous smile on his face.

Tord flushed and tried to play it off, he scoffed and attempting -and failing- to wave off Matt's question, "What? No!" He said, casually leaning back against the couch.

"Yep." Tom said from besides him, popping the 'p' with a grin. "He does."

Tord glared at him, "Thomas!" He hissed, Tom was not deterred one bit.

"He loves romantic stuff, romance novels, romance movies, in truth he's a goddamn softie *and* a romantic sap." Tom revealed with a mirroring grin to Matt who began to giggle.

Tord crossed his arms and huffed, "No I'm not! I-I don't like romance, it's-" He floundered a bit, knowing that his own face betrayed him and was showing the same shade of red of his hoodie. "It's lame." He finished weakly.

Tom scoffed, "Don't say lame, that's my thing." He mostly joked, nudging Tord's side, "But seriously, he's a closet romantic. Don't let the tough guy exterior fool you." He told Matt and Edd with a grin, uncaring at the withering but weak glare Tord was sending him.

Matt and Edd grinned, "Aw, how cute." Edd teased in clear amusement, he, Matt and Tom enjoying how Tord flushed *even more*, the red hue of his face making his freckles a little more obvious as he steamed in embarrassment. How cute indeed.

"*Dammit Tom.*" Tom cackled as he darted off the couch, an abashed and slightly angry Tord following after him, both Edd and Matt laughed as they watched the two dance around each other, Tom dodging Tord as best as he could while Tord tried to catch him with the intent of physical revenge.

"Save me Matt!" The eyeless man suddenly cried, diving by his side with a grin. Matt blinked then shrugged, grinning widely and declaring.

"Don't worry I got this!"

What ensued in a hilarious fashion, was Matt 'defending' Tom from Tord, Edd laughing in the sidelines before being dragged in to the scenario, an embarrassed Tord 'fighting' Matt and 'recruiting' Edd to his cause-

Well, it had certainly been a fun and interesting night for the four housemates.

During the commotion, Tord couldn't help but think that Edd and Matt felt more... real afterwards.

He didn't know why, they were definitely more real before, but it kind of seemed a bit- rehearsed? It was probably nothing but he did take more notice of Edd and Matt as they lived together in their little two story house and peaceful life.

Tom hummed lightly as he lounged on Tord's bed. The eyeless man was trying to work out some lyrics, as well as a small rhythm.

For once, he wasn't pestering Tord and was content to just lay on the bed as Tord worked beside him on a bench. He wasn't doing that much, he was working a bit more on the blueprints for his latest and biggest project. It would take a while but Tord would manage. He almost always did and he was confident that he could achieve it with maybe a little help and insight from Edd.

As Tord worked, Tom was suddenly hit with a question and he frowned.

"Tord?"

Tord made an acknowledging noise, prompting Tom to continue as he mostly focused on his developing blueprints.

"You know how we're housemates with Matt and Edd right?"

He didn't miss a beat in answering, "Yeah?" He slowed as he looked at Tom questioning with a 'Duh, are you serious' kind of look that had Tom casually flipping him off before continuing.

"Are we ever going to move out of this house?"

Now *that* had him pausing in his work, a strange look on his face, "What?" He set down his pencil and gave Tom a *truly* questioning look. "What do you mean? I thought you liked it here." He certainly did, it was one of the best lodgings he and Tom had ever gotten the pleasure of staying in.

Tom looked almost offended, "I do like it here! It's just..." He trailed off, frown deepening as he elaborated. "It's a nice place, I *do* like it here, don't get me wrong. Edd and Matt are great but, if there was a chance, would we move out of here?" He asked, fiddling with his pen as he did so.

Tord leaned back against his chair, looking thoughtful and stern. "Well..." He started, gaining Tom's full attention for an answer, "That, is something I don't really know." He shrugged at Tom's look, "Look, we both like it here. I don't want to move out, do you?" God he hoped not.

He inwardly felt relieved at the quick shake of Tom's head, "Then unless Matt and Edd want us out, which is something I doubt would happen, then we're staying." He smiled, Tom looked happy at the answer.

"I guess," Tom hummed, feeling a lot happier now, "Yeah, it was a stupid question wasn't it?"

Tord didn't miss a beat, "Obviously."

Tom snorted, throwing Tord's pillow harmlessly at him, "Shut up, it was rhetorical dumbass." Unlike usual, there was no bite in his tone, there was fondness instead and that warmed the both of them.

With that said and done, they settled into a comfortable silence, Tord going back to work on his blueprints while Tom worked on his lyrics. A harmless question passed Tord's mind though.

'Speaking of Edd and Matt, I wonder what they're doing right now. They should be at work today right? Hm, we really should visit Slice and Sew from time to time, see how Matt and Edd do.' The devil-haired Norwegian thought to himself before directing his focus back to his work.

"Achoo!"

"Bless you love."

"Why thank you Matty."

"You're welcome darling, now can I get a little help please? His flesh is quite tough- I think I'll need a bigger needle."

"Don't worry, I know just the one- would you like the curved one or a straight one?"

"Curved if you would, oh, and I was thinking that I'd go with white thread for this, maybe some grey. His skin is perfect for it, the blood will dye it a marvelous color even after it dries."

"Whatever you say Matty, you're the expert with this."

They never did visit the cafe, it kept slipping their minds.

Which was probably, *or most definitely*, a good thing.

Chapter End Notes

Finally!

Hope you enjoyed :]

Tom Ridley

Chapter Notes

It's Tom turn!

Edit 1/20/19: JESUS FUCK

I am really sorry for the unintentional hiatus! Surprisingly this was one hard chapter to think over, Tom wasn't really cooperating with my head and I couldn't really type down the things I wanted to type down or think of!

Hopefully Matt's chapter won't be as difficult to type, and after that, we'll REALLY get into things >:]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Which was probably, or most definitely, a good thing.

Three months, since both pairs had met each other by being housemates.

They had moved in the middle of April, thus making it July and officially crossing the third month and just as they were learning about Tord, they were learning Tom as well.

It was surprising how well everyone connected to each other, especially Tom with Matt, don't get him wrong; Edd was fine but Tom seemed to just easily *click* with Matt.

It was both nice and somewhat alarming as the months went by.

Tom was quite creative, not only in song but also in other arts too.

Tom liked to doodle and draw, well, almost *everyone* liked to doodle or draw at some point but Tom liked to draw almost as much as he liked making songs.

When he found out Edd was an artist, or had a love for drawing, he was both happy and somewhat self-conscious over it, why? Well, Edd was such a great artist, definitely better than Tom so he tried not to draw around Edd, what could he say. He was very confident over his songs and music but physical art like drawing? That made him a bit self-conscious.

At any rate though, the fact he could draw could not escape Edd's attention for long, since Tom had the habit of doodling a bit while he wrote his songs or was lost or deep in thought or when he was really in the mood to draw.

That and he made the mistake of being in the kitchen while drawing, he couldn't help it, he had been trying to write down a new song but then his mind started to drift over and the next thing he knew he was doodling and drawing in the paper he had gotten just for the sake of writing a song.

He hadn't even heard Edd enter the kitchen, seriously he and Matt could be freaking ninjas most of the time with how silent they could be! Which was weird for Matt since he was mostly loud and boisterous but he could definitely pass off for a ninja if he wanted to.

"Wow Tom, I didn't know you could draw."

Tom let out a startled yelp at the sudden voice of Edd when he had paused from his drawing to look at it properly, he craned his neck to see Edd looking over his shoulder with a curious and grinning face, "E-Edd! Jesus fuck don't scare me like that." He scolded, trying to control the conversation and probably steer it away from his drawing skills.

Unfortunately Edd wouldn't have that, the green-hoodied man chuckled, "Sorry Tom, didn't mean to scare you but seriously, I didn't know you could draw. It's nice!" He complimented looking over his shoulder even though he tried to hide his drawing, it was of Matt, well a cartoonish version of Matt, he had four fingers since Tom sucked at hands and five fingers were just too much for him but it was a good enough effort though.

Tom huffed, coloring at the compliment, "It's nothing, you're better at drawing." He muttered, self-consciously huddling over his paper, scribbling a random shape on the paper besides the cartoon doodle Matt.

Edd frowned then smiled, he gently nudged the eyeless man, "Hey, don't look so down, your drawing's really nice! I really think you captured Matt's cuteness perfectly." He said, taking a seat beside him with an encouraging smile. "If you want to improve your drawing, I can give you some tips? I don't think I can really teach you drawing since everyone has their own style to it but I can help you improve?" He offered, looking at Tom with a soft look.

He flushed slightly in return, about to decline the offer before thinking it over. It... wouldn't really hurt if he accepted it... So...

"Alright, show me your magic then doodle man." Edd snorted in reply before grinning dorkishly, miming for something to draw with, Tom was lucky that he had brought down more of his pencils and such when he had come to the kitchen to write.

At first Edd did give him so tips on drawing, showing how he usually drew and encouraged Tom to try or maybe modify so he could draw better in his own style. It escalated from there as Tom had fun with Edd, both beginning to draw together, and then came the laughter as Edd purposely drew Tord badly on a piece of paper, Tom laughed hard from that and did the same to Matt, and then they did each other.

Tord and Matt found their respective boyfriends absolutely losing it on the kitchen table, papers strewn all over the table with some drawings being nice, others were sketches and prototype doodles but then came the shitty looking drawings that were funny to look at.

The Norwegian and British ginger glanced at each other as Edd and Tom continued to share a laugh, the eyeless brunette wheezing as he pointed at them both while hanging on to Edd for support though Edd looked like he needed support himself as he laughed with him, glancing between the shitty drawings and to the real life persons.

It was a fun time that Tom cherished, and hey, he and Edd even began to come together and hang out more from then on, mostly drawing and laughing over their drawings like lunatics and Edd continuing to try and help Tom improve his drawing skills.

Tom, like Tord is actually secretly affectionate. He's more open with it when he's drunk.

When it came to both Tom and Tord, it was clear that they weren't the most affectionate of couples. Or at least, not in the way you'd expect or publicly affectionate.

Like Tord, he didn't really seem that affectionate but out of the two, he was definitely the more affectionate of the two, it was a shame that Tord was too stubborn to show his affections for him most of the time. That and they seemed to be more inclined to fighting than to be publicly affectionate with each other.

Though, apparently when he became drunk, his hesitation and insecurities disappear, revealing the affectionate brunet underneath. For an example now;

Matt was sitting on the couch, humming to himself as he knitted, then his keen inhuman nose caught a scent that made him scrunch his nose in slight irritation from the sharp smell, it was a scent he could recognize quite easily. It was alcohol.

"Maaaatt~~" The ginger blinked in surprise as a pair of arms wrapped around him, he had been too busy with the smell to notice and hear Tom come down the stairs, obviously drunk out of his mind. "Maatt, Matt, hey Maaatt." The eyeless man slurred, climbing over the back of the couch while keeping his arms around the ginger.

The vampire made a face at the intense scent of whiskey and smirnoff coming from Tom, but looked down to the drunk man with curious eyes. He looked kind of cute actually, that dopey drunk smile, the alcohol-induced flush on his cheeks and the half-lidded intoxicated eyeless eyes that looked

up to him. "Hello Tom." Matt greeted with a smile, deciding to let Tom hug him despite stinking of booze.

Tom let out a drunken hiccup and giggle, scooting closer to Matt and hugging him close, Matt couldn't knit with Tom's arms constricting him so he coerced the drunk brunet to let his arms free so he could continue knitting. "Maaatt, yo're sho... preeetty~" Tom giggled, burying his head into Matt's shoulder, a hand going up to pet at the ginger's orange locks, "Aand yu're haaa -*hick*- aairr... Sho Shooofft." He cooed, mumbling his apologies when he accidentally tugged on Matt's hair a bit too hard.

Matt smiled, "Well thank you Tom." He replied as he let Tom do as he liked as long as he didn't hurt him too much and that the drunk man could let him knit in peace. "Are you alright Tom?" He couldn't help but ask as the brunet mumbled incoherently into his shoulder.

He got a snort in reply, "Ye-Yeahhh, I'm... I'm *fine*, I'mmmmmh, drunk!" He declared with drunken pride, giggling madly afterwards but still hugging Matt.

The ginger snorted, giving his intoxicated housemate an amused smile, "I can see that." He turned back to his knitting, making the other pout. Wanting the other's complete attention, the eyeless drunk shifted, about to do something he would regret; which was kiss the knitting ginger- only to be saved the later mortification when Tord and Edd came back from shopping.

"Thomas. You've been drinking again." Tord said the instant he and Edd were through the door, sighing at the sight of the clingy affectionate drunk.

Tom beamed at him from his place besides Matt, "Yeeep!" He popped the 'p', thoughts of kissing the ginger thrown out the window as his favorite Norwegian came back along with his favorite artist, everyone was in the living room now. "Torrd, Edd, hi!" He said a bit childishly, giggling madly but still keeping his arms around his favorite ginger. Really everyone in the house was his favorite something. But right now Matt was his favorite over all since he didn't seem to mind him drunkenly clinging to his person,

which was great! Tord would have pushed him away or something and Tom had no idea what Edd would have done other than maybe motherhen him.

Tord pinched the bridge of his nose, shaking his head but he's holding back his smile at how ridiculous Tom was acting. At least he was being an affectionate drunk instead of a destructive one. "My apologies you two." He said to both Edd and Matt, while Edd did look disapproving at how Tom was drinking, he just nodded and said it wasn't much of a problem as long as Tom didn't do anything dangerous while drunk and kept drinking on a low minimal most of the time.

"It's fine, he's quite adorable like this actually." Matt replied chirpily, giggling as he stopped his knitting to pat Tom's hair which made him beam in return. "Plus, he's willingly hugging me!" He pointed out with some delight, putting side his knitting needles to hug Tom back.

"YAY! Hugs!" Tom cheered, hiccuping as he nuzzled into Matt's hug, feeling warm, the alcohol was half the reason for that. The growing affection the eyeless man had was clear to all, though Matt and Edd just thought it was the alcohol making him this way- Tord however, knew otherwise, warily watching his sort-of-boyfriend slash friend slash rival slash childhood friend cuddle up to the ginger, mumbling incoherently.

If Tom had been less drunk, he'd probably be singing how pretty Matt was and how nice both he and Edd were to him and Tord. But at the moment, it seemed that the brunet was finally crashing down from his drunken shenanigans.

Tom was quite popular on the internet.

While Matt and Edd knew Tom made music for a living, they hadn't really known how popular the brunet actually was until their first outing together as a group. They were all out grocery shopping at the mall, they had been too busy to actually go shopping the week before, Tord and Tom locked up in their room doing their respective jobs while Matt and Edd frequently went out due to their own jobs- ranging from their hobby jobs to doing Miss Toriel a rare non-harvesting job since the week's shipment of harvested

organs had been messed up and she had needed extra hands to help deal with the near-disaster.

The one who caused such disaster would not live to see another day, rarely did anyone survive Miss Toriel's ire, as expected from a former Council Member.

Anyway, they were all at the grocery store of the mall, each tasked with getting some specific items from the list that Edd had made for the occasion.

Tom was bartering with Edd for space on the cart for some of his alcohol bottles, stating that he was low on alcohol while Edd really disapproved over it, the eyeless man promised to pay for it himself when a random stranger made a loud noise that caught both their attention.

"You're Void! Oh gosh I'm a big fan!" A young teen gushed, abandoning his own cart of groceries to quickly scuttle over to Tom, Edd tensed at the sudden movement but quickly relaxed when he saw that the teen wasn't going to do anything rash. "I loved your last video, it was amazing!" Edd was filled with confusion at the statement, he had known that Tom was good at his music but he hadn't really realized that Tom had actual *fans* of his music.

Tom grinned though did take a step back when the enthusiastic teen came over to him in such a hurry, "Heh, thanks. I put a lot of effort into my work." He said proudly, which was true, he put in a *lot* of effort into each and every song he made and uploaded to the social platforms he was on.

"Oh, oh, oh, can I *please* get a selfie with you? Please? My friends are never going to believe me if I said I met you if I don't have one!" The teen practically begged as they already had their phone out as if Tom had already agreed.

Tom briefly looked uncomfortable at the thought of a selfie before he just shrugged and nodded, "Eh, why not. It's just a selfie." He said aloud mostly to himself. Edd frowned, having seen the brief uncomfortable look but let it

be, Tom seemed to have things covered and the teen was genuinely excited, if things went out of hand then Edd would interfere.

The teen practically squealed and quickly went to Tom's side, angling the camera for a good selfie shot. Tom ignored how uncomfortable he was with the teen in his personal space and just sent the camera a small smile and a peace sign. After that and thanking Tom, the teen walked away with a small bounce in his step.

"Wow Tom, that was, something." Edd said once the teen had gone away, "I know you were good with your music and that you upload it to the internet and stuff, guess I really should've known that *you* of all people would get fans." He smiled, chuckling slightly at the embarrassed little look Tom had as he huffed and looked away.

"Yeah, well, it's nice to be recognized from my hard work." Was all he said in return.

Edd nodded before looking at the bottles of alcohol Tom had put down in order to do the selfie with the teen, after a moment of thinking he sighed and lifted them off the floor and into the cart much to Tom's surprise. As long as Tom didn't splurge and drink the bottles all at once then he'd buy the drinks for him.

Later on after they came home, Edd informed Matt of what happened and the ginger was both surprised and not, Tom's music was really good so of course he'd have fans of his work! They both looked for Tom's channel, privately asking Tord for Tom's username and started listening to the music more often much to Tom's dismay and secret pride.

Tom was opening up more.

This one was what Tord realized one day as he and Edd sat on the couch, watching the news.

Once more Stiches and Carver took their attention as another victim had been found, a young woman in her late twenties had been found in one of

the cities' park, pinned to the tree, she was practically empty with the exception of her ribcage and some of the bones in her limbs, though it was noted that her own bones were used to hammer her down to the tree. Her larger intestine was draped around the poor woman's neck as if it was a scarf. Her jaw was missing but her tongue was out with a small smiley face stitched into it in bright blue stitching. A different tactic that Stitches rarely ever used.

Tord was discussing lightly on how precise it all seemed but was thoroughly disgusted at the purposefully gruesome scenery that Matt had done, of course that was unknown to him and Tom. As for the stitched tongue, well, Matt had accidentally tore off her jaw when she *rudely* called him and Edd some words that he didn't like, all he wanted to do was pull at her tongue but whoops! Her jaw broke right off with his enhanced rage-fueled strength. His bad.

At any rate, Edd acted to be just as disgusted but was more focused on Tord's discussion rather than the woman itself.

It was this that Matt and Tom came downstairs from Tom's room, their regular video game session put on pause so they could get some more snacks. The instant Matt saw his own work on the tv, he continued his act as a 'scared innocent' by shrieking and darting back upstairs, surprising all three at the sudden shout and action.

"Matt! Are you okay?" Tom asked, looking upstairs with actual genuine concern, he didn't even try to hide it.

The ginger took a small moment to reply, "I-I'm good! I just, want to stay up here, for a bit." Maybe he was playing this card too much, he didn't want either housemates getting suspicious like the few others that found his scared little act a bit *too much* to be actually real. Should he tone it down a notch?

Before the ginger could even do or say anything else, Tom spoke up from the bottom of the stairs. "Alright, how about you go back to my room and wait for me? I'll go get us the snacks!" He said, smiling up to the ginger

who blinked and eagerly nodded, scuttling back to the room with a private smile, Tom was really nice.

Tom looked away from the stairs and back to where Tord and Edd were with the TV playing the news about the infamous serial duo. The brunet's face scrunched in disgust at the gorey picture on the news, "Gross. You guys really need to be more careful with that shit, you know how terrified Matt is about that." He said, turning away with a huff and headed towards the kitchen.

Edd smiled slightly at how caring Tom seemed to be over Matt, "We will! Oh! Can you get me a can of cola too Tom?"

"Sure, hold on."

"And how about a can for me too?" Tord asked offhandedly, glancing back at the screen with interest as the news reported with results of from some forensic scientists, though he wasn't really expecting Tom to agree to it, he was usually a brat and wouldn't-

"Yeah yeah, hold on." The devil-haired brunet blinked at the agreement, looking back to Tom with an incredulous little look. Had Tom really? Just like that?

It didn't take Tom long to gather snacks for himself and Matt, plus two cans of cola for Edd and Tord. He was quick to leave the living room after handing the two men their beverages, heading back upstairs to the patiently waiting ginger and continue their video game session. Tord couldn't help but stare at the stairwell where Tom had gone up, glancing back to the cola can he was holding that was actually given to him without any whining or complaints.

It shouldn't be that jarring or shocking but Tord had known Tom for most of his life, since they were children... Tord frown but shrugged it off, opening his can of cola and taking a swig and focusing back on the tv but later on he'd find himself paying more attention to Tom's actions.

Tom was getting more and more used to the house, no longer completely locking himself in his room and to Tord's surprise, *letting Matt hug him more frequently*. The ginger was really physically affectionate, giving at *least* three to *six* hugs a day, at the start Matt targeted Edd with his huggy affection, hugging Tord or Tom at least once but as time came on, they were *both* getting more and more used to the hugs. Tom especially it seemed as he willingly let Matt pounce on him for a hug, sometimes patting the ginger's back with a small smile on his face or actually reciprocating the hug himself.

Not only that, but Tom had actually let Matt and Edd personally listen to him play his bass and watch him record! Something he's only let Tord do so far.

Tom was really opening up to their sunny couple housemates, and really, Tord couldn't blame him since he was finding himself opening up to them as well.

Tom smiled happily as he and Tord left the movie theatre, it had been a rare day that they went on an actual *date*. A personal one, something that was really intimate between them, even more than sex.

"That was a good movie." Tord hummed as they headed towards Tord's motorcycle so they could head home.

Tom snorted, "Yeah, of course you'd think that, it was a romcom!" He pointed out, grinning at the small smack he got for pointing it out. There wasn't anything behind it since they had *just* exited the movie theatre from their date.

The eyeless man's mind couldn't help but wander a bit as they headed home, Tom holding on tightly to Tord's waist as they headed home. Throughout the movie, he couldn't really stop thinking of a certain happy duo that were their housemates. Matt and Edd were... amazing really, for the three months that he and Tord had spent living in the house, they felt more at home at the house with Edd and Matt than any other place they had stayed at before.

They were different, the two of them, normally Tord and he would have been annoyed by their happy-go-lucky personalities- this wasn't the first time they had happy and seemingly kind house-roommates, though it had been a long time since they had those kind of housemates, back when Tord was still in college and stuff, but there was something about Edd and Matt that was, *different*. He and Tord couldn't really figure out what but, they just *were*.

He smiled slightly as he and Tord came home to see Edd and Matt lounging on the couch, the ginger laying his head on Edd's lap as they watched some show on the screen. Both of them seemed to perk as they heard the front door close, Matt lifting his head to look at them both with Edd. "Hey guys!" Matt chirped, grinning at them. "How was your movie?"

Tom walked over to the couch after taking off his coat so he could sit down besides Matt who properly sat up so Tom could sit down on the couch. "It was okay, Tord chose a romance comedy movie." He informed them, Tord going over to sit down as well after hanging his coat and putting away the keys of his motorcycle.

Edd snorted, "Of course he did." He said somewhat teasingly, snickering when Tord lightly smacked his head on the way to the open spot on the couch.

"How was work?" Tord asked as he sat down, while he and Tom were at their date, Edd and Matt were called into work today.

Matt hummed, smiling almost enigmatically but mostly innocently. Edd chuckled, looping a hand around Matt's waist with the same smile.

Matt hummed, smiling innocently as he continued to thread the needle through the skin, ignoring the pained noise that came from the man the skin belonged to. Edd was watching from afar, cleaning the blood from his scalpels and other tools that he had used on the man, he'd let Matt stitch for a while before operating on the man once more to harvest his insides. Miss Toriel was expecting a fresh pair of lungs for this harvest, the demand for

them had spiked over the week and if she wanted lungs, she would get lungs.

"It was great!" Matt answered honestly, giggling as he leaned over to kiss Edd's cheek. Cuddling into Edd's side in the process.

Both Tord and Tom smiled at the action, though, something in their chest niggled at it slightly. They didn't dare acknowledge it, not yet.

The ball was rolling.

Chapter End Notes

DONE!

Next up is Matt! And after that we can FINALLY continue on with the story!

End Notes

Much thanks to my RP friend Josh for doing the roleplay with me and helping me out with the chapters. Thanks man!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!